THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded Aº Dⁱ 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

DECEMBER 8, 1906 — 5c. THE COPY

Beginning The Rise of Harriman ═══ Continuing Jack Spurlock's Adventures

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

The pen with the Clip-Cap

Solves the Xmas problem

The Woman in Search

of a gift for a man—a difficult thing to find—will take this as a particularly appropriate suggestion. This pen will be useful every day and become more valuable as time goes on. It is a help from the school age up.

The Man in Search

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These clips as shown on B, C, H and N pens, as pictured above—for a man's pen—grip the pocket and insure it against loss.

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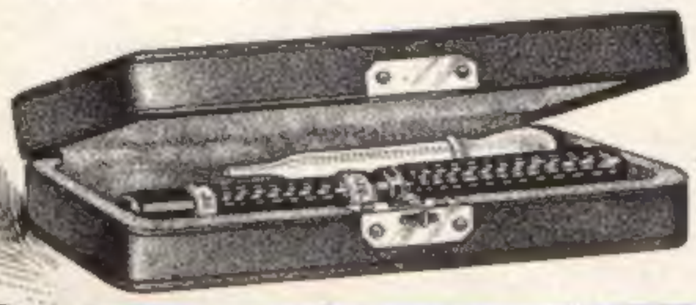

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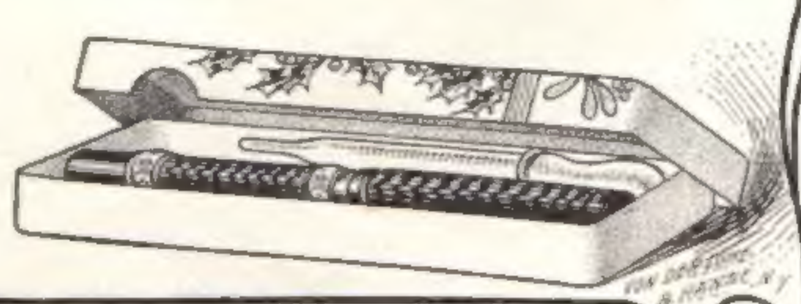

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YOU'D just as soon we'd talk about something besides clothes, and we'd sort of like a change ourselves; let's consider posters. Here are three reproduced; originally done in oils for the cover of our Style Book, a guide to correct clothes-styles for men, which we send twice a year to those who want to know.

These are said, by competent critics, to be very fine examples of the poster art; and we think so ourselves. They are reproduced in the original colors so perfectly that you'll have to look closely to see that they're not the real canvas.

We have some of each of these left; we will send the three in a special tube, postpaid, as long as they last, to anyone who sends ten cents; that's what the tube, postage, and handling actually cost us; the posters are free. We have a small supply of two other posters not shown here—The Rivals; and The Promenade. If any of these three are gone before you send, one or both of the latter two will be sent instead.

We're rather glad of the chance to decorate the habitations as well as the persons of our fellow men.

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When you buy a HOWARD Watch you have a watch with a pedigree—a watch whose origin is certified—a watch built with extreme care—accurately adjusted to meet every condition influencing its time-keeping qualities.

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HOWARD WATCH

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THE RISE OF HARRIMAN

How a New King Came to the Throne of Wall Street

BY WILL PAYNE

The Anxious Visitor Had the Felicity to Behold the Great Financier Shaved

E. H. HARRIMAN is the biggest man in business to-day. He is a sort of incarnation of Wall Street. He grew up from youth in its atmosphere. More than any one else he personifies its methods and points of view; and he deals pretty exclusively in those particular values which are current and in the street. There are really not many of us whom his activities do not touch at some point or other, in some way or other. He is a good deal of a mystery; yet the leading qualities are discoverable.

"Mr. Harriman is a very able man," said an associate to whom I applied for characteristics; "but he always wants the big end."

At present he enjoys undisputed possession of the big end of the Union Pacific and Southern Pacific systems, that have nearly 15,000 miles of track, an outstanding capitalization of a billion dollars, and earn about a hundred and fifty millions a year. A majority of the board of directors of Illinois Central recently favored him in ousting Stuyvesant Fish from the presidency of that road, but it has not yet passed completely under Harriman domination. He and the Moores own a majority interest in Chicago and Alton. Last September his bankers, acting in his behalf, bought 400,000 shares of Baltimore and Ohio stock from the Pennsylvania Railroad, which stock, together with about 300,000 shares still held by Pennsylvania, carries control. And the Baltimore and Ohio, together with the Lake Shore, owns a controlling interest in the Reading road, and the Reading owns a controlling interest in the Central of New Jersey. Mr. Harriman is a stockholder and director of Erie. His Union Pacific owns 186,000 shares of Great Northern (about 12 per cent.) and 243,000 shares of Northern Pacific (about 17 per cent.). But James J. Hill is taking care of the big end of those two roads.

Mr. Harriman's position in the railroad world may, therefore, be diagrammed thus:

	Miles.	Outstanding Capitalization.	Gross Earnings Last Year.
CONTROLLED BY HARRIMAN.			
Union Pacific	5,588	$524,993,400	$59,324,947
Southern Pacific	9,267	506,352,268	95,515,158
	14,855	$1,031,345,668	$154,840,105
HARRIMAN MUCH INTERESTED, CONTROL IN DOUBT.			
Illinois Central	5,698	$291,711,405	$60,307,655
Chicago and Alton	970	89,016,818	11,586,095
	6,668	$380,728,223	$71,893,750
JOINT CONTROL.			
Baltimore and Ohio	4,481	$386,828,474	$77,219,942
Reading	2,126	318,551,624	74,602,265
Central of New Jersey	648	63,866,800	20,523,031
	7,255	$769,246,898	$172,345,238
STOCKHOLDER AND DIRECTOR.			
Erie	2,553	$382,906,200	$50,002,634

In stating the outstanding capitalization, securities of one road that are held by another have been deducted. There is altogether about two and a half billion dollars' worth of property. I suppose Mr. Harriman's personal ownership may amount to as much as one per cent. of the total, while very commonplace investors own seventy-five per cent. or more. The roads have various appendages in the way of steamship lines, ferries, docks and lands. Mr. Harriman himself is a considerable mine owner. Incidentally he owns such small properties as the St. Joseph and Grand Island Railroad, and the St. Joseph light plants. Previous to May, 1905, he had a large say in the management of the Equitable Life. He is still a factor by no means negligible in the Mutual Life. That he owned a governor of New York was fondly alleged by certain newspapers.

In fine, Mr. Harriman is now the most conspicuous and important individual in his field, not only because he has done so much, but on account of the strong probability that he will do a lot more.

Yet seven or eight years ago he was quite unknown to the public. Ten years ago even that public that brokers mean when they say it is coming into the market had heard very little of him. Only three years ago, when the Exchange moved into its new building, some enterprising publisher issued a large engraving, widely distributed among brokers, showing the new edifice bordered by the portraits of 110 eminent financiers. Mr. Harriman's eminence was then of so recent growth that they forgot to put him in. His big leap to place and power—like so much that he has done since—had in a high degree the dramatic element of unexpectedness.

Unexpectedness, in fact, might fairly be called his leading characteristic—which is only another way of saying that he believes in letting people find out what he is going to do after he has done it. He is probably the most close-mouthed man of his class, not excepting H. H. Rogers—and the class itself could hardly be called a loquacious one. He divulges his intentions very little, even to men who are associated with him, and to the public the intentions make their first and sudden appearance in the form of accomplished facts. When a Hill deal or a Morgan deal is on the Street usually hears of it. The prime movers talk to their friends, and the friends talk to their friends. So the gossip mongers begin to get hints and clews which increase in accuracy as the deal progresses, until, by the time the thing is done, everybody knows just about what it is going to be. But a Harriman deal generally comes unheralded, like a bolt from the blue. So came his purchase of Southern Pacific and of Baltimore and Ohio.

Even when there is no profit in being mysterious, Harriman sticks to the rôle—partly just because he is too busy and too indifferent to the curiosities and opinions of the public, which are neither put down among the listed securities nor handled on the curb. He does not tell "Who's Who," for example, when he was born. It wouldn't cost anything. On the other hand, it represents no value that interests him. At this writing the simplest facts, always readily found about any man of prominence—such as date and place of birth, parentage, schooling—are not obtainable in print so far as Harriman is concerned. Current biographical dictionaries and the like do not have them. Every great newspaper is equipped with what is technically known as the "graveyard"—files, clippings, reference-books, indexes, from which a condensed biography of any noted man may be compiled at a moment's notice. A search through two very extensive "graveyards" brought no information as to when or where Mr. Harriman was born. I doubt if a diligent ghoul would be similarly disappointed in respect to any other man in the United States of, say, a quarter of Mr. Harriman's eminence.

It follows naturally that he is one of the most difficult of men to see. For a common person, of course, the task would be about equal to that of obtaining a social chat with the Grand Llama of Tibet; and it is always interesting to observe how small a positively great man may become when he encounters one who is some sizes greater. Not very long ago a Western gentleman, who ranked as a first-class captain of industry in his own section, and was interested in what looked to him like a big coal-land deal, wished to lay his proposition before Mr. Harriman—the land being in Mr. Harriman's country. He heard that the chief of Union Pacific was not very accessible, so, to make sure, he obtained a letter of introduction from a high and friendly political source, and went to New York.

The first view of the ground seemed promising. Union Pacific headquarters at 120 Broadway, in the Equitable Life Building, are by no means imposing, but rather democratically plain: the prevailing color is a mild yellow. The coal captain here delivered his letter of introduction to the outer guard, and took his hat in his left hand so that the right might be free to give a warm clasp of greeting, while he prepared his mobile features for a pleasant smile. But the powerful letter brought forth only an unemotional secretary, who explained that Mr. Harriman was an exceedingly busy man, whose day

Took His Hat in His Left Hand
So That the Right Might be Free
to Give a Warm Clasp of Greeting

was mapped out to the minute in advance, so that he could see nobody except by appointment.

The caller met the difficulty with admirable presence of mind by proposing to make an appointment. He really didn't like the way the secretary had him explain the nature of his business, because, out home, he had a secretary of his own who did that to callers who looked as though they might be book agents. The secretary retired with the explanations, and presently returned with information that Mr. Harriman would see him at one o'clock the following Tuesday—that being his first unengaged hour. Also, he added that Mr. Harriman was an exceedingly busy man, his days being mapped out in advance, and it would be necessary to keep the appointment promptly.

On Monday the secretary called him up on the telephone and spoke as follows: "You have an appointment with Mr. Harriman at one o'clock to-morrow. Mr. Harriman is an exceedingly busy man. His days are all mapped out in advance. It will be necessary to keep the appointment promptly if you wish to see him."

Being thus impressed with the preciousness of Mr. Harriman's time, the coal magnate was careful to be on hand at a quarter before one. The outer guard asked him if he had an appointment, and at what hour, and what his name was. Mr. Harriman's room, in the corner, opens on one side into the connecting office of the suite, and on another side into a large work-room where, presumably, the men at the desk are computing ton-miles, through tariff and other railroad intricacies. There is a little room off this large one, and into this little room the man with the coal proposition was shown to await his hour. The doors were open, and from his seat in the small room he could look across the work-room and into the room in the corner. So looking, with distended eyes, he beheld the edge of a desk and a large chair that held a small, wiry, dark-complexioned man with a bushy mustache. He noticed that the man was carelessly dressed, with a very narrow turn-down collar and little rusty string tie; but what especially astonished him was the posture. For the man was sitting crosswise of the chair with one leg cocked over the arm of it, and that leg was swinging in a manner which, in common mortals, betokens content and mental relaxation. Moreover, he was smiling at a young man who sat near by and was bending forward, talking in an animated and distinctly jovial way. If the Westerner hadn't known how exceedingly busy Mr. Harriman was he would have sworn that that young man was telling a funny story.

One o'clock came and soon thereafter the young man disappeared. The Westerner wetted his lips and clutched the arm of his chair in anticipation of a summons to the presence. But another figure appeared in the young man's place—a figure in a jacket and with a towel. The anxious visitor had the felicity to behold the great financier shaved; to see him examine the results of the operation in a hand-glass; give a twist to his mustache and a corrective pat to his hair. And these little evidences of human frailty so encouraged the Westerner that he was nervously debating whether he shouldn't crack up the price of the coal lands a bit when an emissary stepped to the door and beckoned him.

There was no dalliance in the corner room when the caller entered. Mr. Harriman was attacking the papers on his desk with such nervous energy that one could fairly see the sparks fly. He listened to the proposition and turned it down with such expedition, the Westerner says, that a vagrant fleck of lather under his right ear was not dry when the proposer left.

The basis of this exclusiveness is commercial, not social. In purely personal ways, the man is democratic enough. He is careless about dress. Many days last winter, along toward ten o'clock, you might have seen him coming down to Wall Street on a subway train—almost always in the last seat of the last car. The curious noted that he hurried to it as though he had an appointment with it, and dropped down, his narrow shoulders rounded and his head lowered as in thought. His head is unusually large, and he commonly affects a big-crowned derby hat, so in his huddled posture he was mostly hidden behind the hat—and busily thinking.

He is, of course, a very busy man. He has a tremendous capacity for work, and seems to like it. He had himself elected president of Union Pacific and Southern Pacific when most men in his position would have preferred to remain chairman of the executive committee and go fishing oftener. His own diversion is horses. The cynical noticed that he had himself photographed on horseback in a way that rather recalled a famous painting of Napoleon by Meissonier. And his recent stock-market coup, when he raised Union Pacific's dividend to ten per cent., was executed on August fifteenth—Napoleon's birthday. Those who should know—without countenancing the Napoleonic notion—do say that Mr. Harriman takes himself very seriously.

He is inclined to be abrupt and impatient with men; impatient even with men in the mass, with the public. Not long ago an acquaintance urged that a certain course would be sure to arouse much newspaper criticism. "What?" he exclaimed in genuine surprise. "Do you let that influence you?" This is typical of his sort of temperament and ability; typical of the Street itself, which, finally, doesn't believe much in any but its own values. The recent outburst over his treatment of Stuyvesant Fish seems to have penetrated his armor a little, for he went the extraordinary length of granting quite extended interviews to two newspapers. However, the Governor of Illinois is ex-officio a member of the Illinois Central board, and the road has a rather more confessedly public character than most.

Impatient with men, Mr. Harriman can be infinitely patient with things. For example, after getting control of Southern Pacific, he waited for six years before declaring a dividend, although the road's earnings were large and continually increasing. Some four years ago the Street thought there was going to be a dividend. A pool led by James J. Keene bought 244,000 shares of the stock at an average price of $68. All available pressure was put on Harriman to make him declare a dividend. Keene and his crowd even openly solicited proxies and brought law-suits. But Harriman continued immovably to put Southern Pacific earnings into improvements. The pool dissolved and Talbot J. Taylor & Co. (composed of Keene's son and son-in-law) failed, Southern Pacific dropping to 36—now worth 95. There was no Southern Pacific dividend until Mr. Harriman was ready—which was this fall—and until the road was in the condition he wanted it in. I suppose, incidentally, some large blocks of the stock got in the position he wanted them in, too. But he certainly knows how to be patient.

In fact, he was patient for thirty years until his great chance came; for all his conspicuous success has been in the last few years.

To go back to that mysterious beginning, Mr. Harriman was born at Hampstead, Long Island, on February 25, 1848. His father was a clergyman, with his treasures mostly where a clergyman's should be. The family moved to Jersey City, and young Harriman's education was in the common schools there and in New York. He is not a college man. He went into Wall Street in his teens, as clerk in a broker's office. At twenty-two he bought a membership in the New York Stock Exchange and still holds it. He became a member August 13, 1870. At first he was a floor trader—whose comparatively humble function it is to execute orders on the Exchange, usually for other brokers, at a commission of two dollars for a hundred shares. He made money, and in two years organized the small private banking house of E. H. Harriman & Co. (later Harriman & Co.). His brother was the general partner, and the special partner was Nicholas Fish, brother of Stuyvesant Fish, a fact of some romantic interest, in view of recent developments.

His uncle, Oliver Harriman, a native of New York City, was then making a good old-times success in the dry-goods business, beginning with the house of McCurdy, Aldrich & Spencer, and presently having a house of his own, Low, Harriman & Co., which grew into one of the most flourishing concerns of its time. Oliver Harriman was on good social terms with the Vanderbilts. E. H. Harriman & Co. got some Vanderbilt business, and the Fish connection was helpful among rich clients. The house made money. In 1883 it was rich enough to own 15,000 shares of Illinois Central stock, and Harriman was elected a director of the road. Stuyvesant Fish had been elected a director in 1877.

This was success, of course. Yet it was of about the sort that many others were making. The first time Mr. Harriman came into particular notice in the Street was in 1893, when he fought no less a personage than J. P. Morgan over the reorganization of the Erie road.

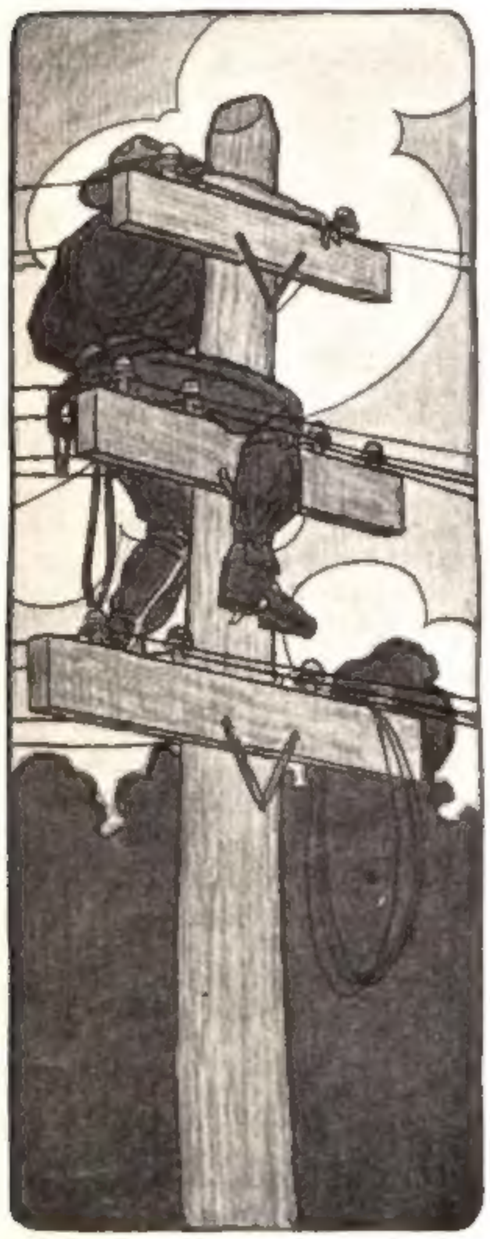
It is unnecessary to go into the dismal history of Erie. This was the fourth time it had been in the hands of receivers. Daniel Drew and Jay Gould had waged a memorable war with Commodore Vanderbilt over it in 1867, when Drew and Gould secretly issued a great lot of Erie stock, thereby breaking the Commodore's corner in it and almost breaking the Commodore himself. By night Gould fled to Jersey City, taking a carriage load of Erie assets out of the jurisdiction of New York courts; was arrested for it in Albany; made Boss Tweed director of the road, and got legislation validating the secret stock issue; finally retired from control, at a meeting of stockholders in the Grand Opera House, where a hundred policemen were on hand to preserve parliamentary practice.

The Erie reorganization of 1878 issued some forty millions of second mortgage bonds. Mr. Morgan's reorganization of 1893 proposed to treat these bonds rather cavalierly. Harriman got up a protection committee of

(Continued on Page 20)

A Harriman Deal Generally Comes Unheralded,
Like a Bolt From the Blue

THE TRIUMPH OF BILLY



A Story of Longheaded Business and Shorthand Courtship

BY HERBERT QUICK

AUTHOR OF DOUBLE TROUBLE

NOW that so many of the girls are writing, the desire to express myself in that way comes upon me awfully strongly, sometimes. And yet a novel seems so complex and poky in the writing, as compared with a play, which brings one ever so much more exciting success. Louise Amerland says that all literature is autobiographical. If this is so, why can't I use my own romance in making a play? I think I could, if I could once get the scenario to —to discharge, as Billy says. He calls me a million M. F. condenser of dramatic electricity, but says that it's all statical, when it ought to flow. But the scenario must be possible, if I could only get the figures and events juggled about into place. There's Billy for the hero, and Pa, and the Pruntys, and me for heroine, and comic figures like the butler and Miss Crowley and Atkins, and the crowds in Lincoln Park. I want the statue of Lincoln in it for one scene. But let me tell you all about it.

After I was "finished" at St. Cecilia's I went into Pa's office as his secretary. He didn't seem very enthusiastic about it; but I insisted on account of the sacredness of labor and its necessity in the plan of woman's life having revealed themselves to me as I read one of Mrs. Stetson's books. Pa fumed and raged, and said I bothered him; but I insisted, and after a while I became quite proficient as a stenographer, and spelled such terms as "kilowatt," and "microfarad," and "electrolyte" in a way that forced unwilling encomiums from even Pa. Upon this experience I based many deductions as to the character of our captains of industry, one of which is that they are the most illogical set in the world, and that the more illogical they are the more industry they are likely to captain.

Take Pa, for instance. He began with a pair of pliers, a pair of climbers, a lineman's belt, and a vast store of obstinacy; and he has built up the Mid-Continent Electric Company—for we are an electric family, though Billy says magnetic is the term. But how does Pa order his life? He sends me to St. Cecilia's, which has no function except to prepare girls for the social swim, and is so exclusive that he had to lobby shamefully to get me in: and all the time he gloats—simply *gloats*—over the memory of the pliers, the climbers, the lineman's belt, and the obstinacy —no, not over the obstinacy, of course: that is merely what makes him gloat. And he hates Armour Institute graduates and Tech men poisonously, and wants his force made up of electricians who have come up, as he says, by hard knocks, and know the practical side. As if Billy Helmerston—but let me begin at the beginning.

I was in the office one day superintending Miss Crowley, the chief stenographer, in getting together the correspondence about an electric light and power installation in Oklahoma, when, just at the door of the private office, I met a disreputable figure which towered above me so far that I could barely make out that it had good anatomical lines and a black patch over one eye.

I will here deceive no one: it was Billy. He explained afterward that he possessed better clothes, but had mislaid them somehow, and that the cut over his eye he got in quelling a pay-night insurrection in his line-gang out in Iowa, one of whom struck him with a pair of four-hole connectors. I am sorry to confess that I once felt pride in the fact that Billy knocked the linemen's heads together—and yet Pa talks of hard knocks!—until they subsided, the blood, meanwhile, running all down over his face and clothing and theirs. It was very brutal, in outward seeming, no matter what plea of necessity may be urged for it.

I almost fell back into the doorway, he was so near and so big. His way of removing his abominable old hat, and his bow, gave me a queer little mental jolt, it was so graceful and elegant, in spite of the overalls and the faded shirt.

"I was referred to this place as Mr. Blunt's office," said he. "Can you direct me to him?"

Now Pa is as hard to approach as any Oriental potentate; but I supposed that Billy was one of the men from the factory, and had business, and I was a little fluttered by the wonderful depth and sweetness of his voice; so I just said: "This way, please"—and took him in to where Pa was sawing the air and dictating a blood-curdling letter to a firm of contractors in San Francisco, who had placed themselves outside the pale of humanity by failing to get results from our new Polyphase Generator. (Billy afterward told them what was the matter with it.) I saw that my workman had picked out an exceedingly unpsychological moment, if he expected to make a very powerful appeal to Pa's finer instincts.

"Well," roared Pa, turning on him with as much ferocity as if he had been a San Francisco contractor of the deepest dye, "what can I do for you, sir?"

"My name is Helmerston," started Billy.

"I'm not getting up any directory!" shouted Pa. "What do you want?"

"I'm just through with a summer's line-work in the West," answered Billy, "and I took the liberty of applying for employment in your factory. I have ——"

"The blazes you did!" ejaculated Pa, glaring at Billy from under his eyebrows. "How did you get in here?"

I was over at the filing-cases, my face just burning, for I was beginning to see what I had done. Billy looked in my direction, and as our eyes met he smiled a little.

"I hardly know, Mr. Blunt," said he. "I just asked my way and followed directions. Is it so very difficult to get in?"

I saw at once that he was a good deal decenter than he looked.

"Well, what can you do?" shouted Pa.

"Almost anything, I hope," answered Billy. "I've had no practical experience with inside work; but I have ——"

"Oh, yes, I know!" said Pa, in that unfeeling way which experience and success seem to impart to the biggest-hearted men—and Pa is surely one of these. "It's the old story. As soon as a dub gets so he can cut over a rural telephone, or put in an extension-bell, or climb a twenty-five without getting seasick, he can do 'almost anything.' What one, definite, concrete thing can you do?"

"For one thing," said Billy icily, "I think I could help some by taking a broom to this factory floor out here."

"All right," said Pa, after looking at him a moment. "The broom goes! Give this man an order for a broom. Put him on the pay-roll at seven dollars a week. Find out who let him in here, and caution whoever it was against letting it occur again.—Call up Mr. Sweet, and tell him I want a word with him on those Winnipeg estimates.—Make an engagement with Mr. Bayley of the street-car company to lunch with me at the club at two." And Pa was running in his groove again.

"I'm sorry," he whispered, as he passed me going out.

"Thank you," I answered. "It's of no consequence——"

And then I noticed that he was looking into my eyes in a wistful and pathetic way, as if protesting against going out. I blushed as I showed him to the door: and he wasn't the first whose eyes had protested, either.

"You mustn't violate the rules, Dolly," said Pa, as we crossed the bridge in the bubble, going home. "You know perfectly well that I can't say 'no' to these tramps——"

"He wasn't a tramp," said I.

"A perfect hobo," answered Pa. "I know the type well. I have to let Burns handle them."

"He was very graceful," said I.

"Any lineman is," replied Pa. "They have the best exercise in the world. If he steals anything, you're responsible, my dear."

I supposed the incident to be closed with my statement that he had nice eyes, and Pa's sniff; but, in a few days, Pa, who watches the men like a cat, surprised me by saying that my graceful hobo was all right.

"He gathered up and saved three dollars' worth of beeswax the other men were wasting, the first day," said Pa. "Melted and strained and put it in the right place without asking any questions. And then he borrowed a blow-torch and an iron, and began practicing soldering connections. He looks good to me."

"Me, too," said I.

It seems strange, now, to think of my hearing these things unmoved. The dreadful humiliation to which Billy was subjected, the noble fortitude with which he bore it, and the splendid way in which he uplifted the menial tasks to which he was assigned have always reminded me of Sir Gareth serving as a scullion in Arthur's kitchen. It is not alone in the chronicles of chivalry—but I must hasten this narrative.

I must not delay even to inform you of the ways in which it was discovered that Billy could do all sorts of things; that there was no blue-print through which his keen eye could not see, and no engineering error—like that in the Polyphase Generator—that he couldn't detect; or how he was pushed up and up by force of sheer genius, no one knowing who he was until he found himself, like an eagle among buzzards, at the head of a department, and coming into the office to see Pa quite in a legitimate way.

I didn't know these things personally, because I had left the office. I had found out that there seemed to be more soul-nurture in artistic metal work than in typewriting, and had fitted up a shop in the Fine Arts Building where Louise Amerland and I were doing perfectly enchanting stunts in hammered brass and copper—old Roman lamps and Persian lanterns, after designs we made ourselves. Pa parted with his secretary with a sigh, the nature of which may be a question better left unsettled.

This romance really begins with my visit, after months and months of absence, to the restaurant which I had dinged at Pa until he had instituted for the help. I told him that the social side of labor was neglected shamefully, and for the workpeople to eat at the same table with their superintendents and employers would be just too dear and democratic, and he finally yielded growlingly. He was awfully pleased afterward when the papers began to write the thing up. He said it was the cheapest advertising he ever got, and patted me on the shoulder and asked me if I wasn't ashamed to be so neglectful of my great invention. So one day I got tired of working out Rubáiyát motifs in brass, and I went over to the café for luncheon, incog. And what do you think? Billy came in and sat down very informally right across from me!

"Hello!" said he, putting out his hand. "I've been looking for you for eons, to—to thank you, you know. Don't you remember me?"

Before I knew it I had blushingly given him my hand for a moment.

"Yes," I replied, taking it away, and assuming a more properly dignified air. "I hope you have risen above seven a week and the broom; and I am glad to see that your head has healed up."

"Thank you," he replied. "I am running the installation department of the dynamo end of the business. And you? I'm no end glad to see you back. Did you get canned for letting me in? I've had a good many bad half-hours since I found you gone, thinking of you out hunting a job on—on my account. You—pardon me—don't look like a girl who would have the E. M. F. in the nerve-department to go out and compete, you know."

I was amazed at the creature's effrontery, at first; and then the whole situation cleared up in my mind. I saw that I had an admirer (*that* was plain) who didn't know me as Rollin Blunt's heiress at all, but only as a shopmate in the Mid-Continent Electric Company's factory—a stenographer who had done him a favor. It was more fun than most girls might think.

"How did you find out," said I, "that I had been—ah—canned?"

"I watched for you," he replied. "Began as soon as my promotion to the switchboard-work made it so I could. After a couple of months' accumulation of data I ventured upon the generalization that the old man ——"

"The who?"

"Mr. Blunt, I mean, of course," he amended, "had fired you for letting me in. Out of work long?"

"N-no," said I; "hardly a week."

"Where are you now?" he asked.

"I'm in a shop," I stammered, "in Michigan Avenue."

I looked about to see if any of the employees who knew me were present, but could see none except Miss Crowley, who wouldn't meet a man in the same office in a year, and a dynamo-man never, and who is near-sighted, anyhow. So I felt safe in permitting him to deceive himself. It is thus that the centuries of oppression which women have endured impress themselves on our more involuntary actions in little bits of disingenuousness against which we should ever struggle. At the time, though, to sit chatting with him in the informal manner of colaborers at the noon intermission was great fun. It was then that I began to notice more fully what a really fine figure he had, and how brown and honest and respectful his eyes were, even when he said "Hello" to me, as if I were a telephone, and how thrilling was his voice.

"I'd like," said he, "to call on you—if I might."

I was as fluttered as the veriest little chit from the country.

"I—I can't very well receive you," said I. "My—the people where I—I stop wouldn't like it."

"I'm quite a respectable sort of chap," said he. "My name's Helmerston, and my people have been pretty well known for two or three hundred years up in Vermont, where we live—in a teaching, preaching, book-writing, rural sort of way, you know. I'm a Tech man—class of '02—but I haven't anything to boast of on any score. I'm merely telling you these things, because—because there seems to be no one else to tell you, and—and I want you to know that I'm not as bad as I looked that morning."

"Oh, this is quite absurd!" cried I. "I really—it doesn't make any difference; but I'm quite ready to believe it! I must go, really!"

"May I see you to your car?" said he; and I started to tell him that I was there in the victoria, but pulled up, and took the street car, after he had extracted from me the information that I lived close to Lincoln Park. But when he asked if I ever walked in the park, I just refused to say any more. One really must save one's dignity from the attacks of such people. I had to telephone Roscoe where to come with the victoria.

Soon after, quite by accident, I saw him on two successive evenings in Lincoln Park, both times near the Lincoln statue. I wondered if my mentioning the south entrance had anything to do with this. He never once looked at the motorists, and so failed to see me; but I could see that he took a deep interest in the promenaders—especially slender girls with dainty dresses and blond hair. It appeared almost as if he were looking for some one in particular, and I smiled at the thought of any one being so silly as to search those throngs on the strength of any chance hint any person might have dropped. I was affected by the pathos of it, though. It seemed so much like the Saracen lady going from port to port hunting for Thomas à Becket's father—though of course he wasn't any one's father then, but I can't think of his name.

The next evening I took Atkins, my maid, and walked down by the Lincoln monument to look at some flowers. It seems to me that we Chicagoans owe it to ourselves to become better acquainted with each other—I mean, of course, better acquainted with our great parks and public places and statues. They are really very beautiful, and something to be proud of, provided as they are for rich and poor alike by a paternal government.

Strangely fortuitous chance: we met Billy! He came striding down the path to meet me—Atkins had fallen behind—his face perfectly radiant with real joy.

"At last!" he ejaculated. "I wondered if we were *ever* to meet again, Miss—Miss ——"

"Blunt," said I, heroically truthful, and suppressing one of those primordial impulses which urged me to say

Just a Little Shade of Dark Under Pa's Eyes

Wilkinson—now, as a scientific problem, why Wilkinson? But I did not wish to lose Atkins' respect by conversing with a man who did not know my name.

"Miss Blunt?" cried he interrogatively. "That's rather odd, you know. It's not a very common name."

"Oh, I don't know," said I, uncandid again, as soon as I saw a chance to get through with it—little cat! "It seems awfully common to me. Why do you say that it's odd?"

"Because I happen to have a letter of introduction to Miss Blunt, daughter of the old—of Mr. Blunt of the Mid-Continent ——"

"You have?" I broke in. "From whom?"

"From my cousin, Amelia Wyckoff," said he, "who went to school with her at St. Cecilia's."

"Well, of all things!" I began; and then, with a lot of presence of mind, I think, I paused. "Why don't you present it?" I asked.

"Well, it's this way," said Billy. "You saw how Mr. Blunt sailed into me and put me in the broom-brigade without a hearing? I didn't have the letter then, and when I got it I didn't feel like pulling on the social strings when I was coming on pretty well for a dub lineman and learning the business from the solder on the floor to the cupola, by actual physical contact. And then there's another thing, if you'll let me say it: since that morning I've had no place in my thoughts for any girl's face but one."

We were sitting on a bench. Atkins was looking at the baby leopards in the zoo, ever so far away. Billy didn't seem to miss her. He was looking right at me. My heart fluttered so that I knew my voice would quiver if I spoke, and I didn't dare to move my hands for fear he might notice their trembling. The idea of *my* behaving in that way!

I was glad to find out that he was Amelia's cousin; for that insured his social standing. That was what made me feel so sort of agitated. One laborer ought not to feel so of another, for we are all equal; but it *was* a relief to know that he was Amelia's aunt's son, and not a tramp.

"I must be allowed to call on you!" he said with suppressed intensity. "You don't dislike me very much, do you?"

"I—I don't like cuts over the eye," said I, evading the question.

"I don't have 'em any more," he urged.

And then he explained about the *émeute* in the line-gang, and the four-hole connectors, and confessed to the violent and sanguinary manner in which he had felt called upon to put down the uprising. I could feel my face grow hot and cold by turns, like Desdemona's while Othello was telling the same kind of things; and when I looked for the scar on his forehead, he bowed his head, and I put the curls aside, and found it. I would have given worlds to—it was so much like a baby coming up to you and crying about thumping its head and asking you to kiss it well. Once I had my lips all puckered up—but I had the self-control to refrain—I was so afraid.

It was getting dusk now, and Billy seized my hand and kissed it. I was quite indignant, until he explained that his motives were perfectly praiseworthy. Then I led him to talk of the rich Miss Blunt to whom he had a letter of introduction, and advised him to present it, and argued with appalling cogency that one ought to marry in such a way as to better one's prospects, and Billy got perfectly furious at such a view of love and marriage—explaining, when I pretended to think he was mad at me, that he knew I was just teasing. And then he began again about calling on me, and seeing my parents, or guardians, or assigns, or *any one* that he ought to see.

"Because," said he, "you're a perfect baby, with a baby's blue eyes and hair of floss, and tender skin and trustfulness; and I ought to be horsewhipped for sitting here in the park with you in—in this way, with no one paying any attention but Mr. Lincoln, up there."

Then I did feel deeply, darkly crime-stained; and I could have hugged the dear fellow for his simplicity—*me* helpless, with Atkins, and the knowledge of Amelia Wyckoff's letter; not to mention Mr. Lincoln—bless him!—or a park policeman who had been peeking at us from behind a bunch of cannas! I could have given him the addresses of several gentlemen who might have certified to the fact that I wasn't the only one whose peace of mind might have been considered in danger.

I grew portentously serious just before I went home, and told Billy that he must see me on my own terms or not at all, and that he mustn't follow me, or try to find out where I lived, but must walk around the curve in the path, and let me mingle with the landscape.

"May I not hope," said he, "to see you again soon?"

"I may feed the elephant some peanuts," said I, "on Thursday evening—no, I shall play in a mixed foursome, and then dine on Thursday afternoon at the Onwentsia ——"

"Where?" said he, in a sort of astonished way.

"I believe I could make you believe it," said I with more presence of mind, "if I stuck to it. But I can't come on Thursday. Let us say on Friday evening."

He insisted that Friday is unlucky, and we compromised on Wednesday. This conversation was on Tuesday.

"May I turn for just one look at my little wood nymph," said he, "when I get to the curve?"

Of course I said "Yes"—and he turned at the curve, and came striding back with such a light in his eyes that I had to allow him to kiss my hand again, under the pretense that I had got a sliver in my finger.

I went back Wednesday, and again and again, and sneaked off once with him to an orchestra concert, and it wasn't long before Billy knew that his little stenographer was willing to allow him to hope. But I refused to let him call it an engagement until he promised me that he would present the letter to the other Miss Blunt.

"Why, Dolly? Why, sweetheart?" he asked; for it had got to that stage, now. Oh, it progressed with dizzying rapidity!

"Because," I replied, "you may like her better than you do me."

"Impossible!" he cried with a gesture absolutely tragic in its intensity. "I dislike her very name—'Miss Aurelia Blunt!'"

"That's unjust!" I cried, really angry. "Aurelia is a fine name; and she may have a pet name, you know."

"Only one Miss Blunt with a pet name for little Willie!" said he. "My little Dolly!"

But I tied him down with a promise that before he saw me again he'd call on Aurelia. When I saw him next he looked guilty, and said he had found her out when he called. I scolded him cruelly, and made him promise again. The fact was that when he called I couldn't find it in my heart to sink to the prosaic level of Miss Aurelia Blunt. I had had the sweetest, most delicious courtship that any girl *ever* had, up to this time, and I was afraid of spoiling it all. I was afraid sort of on general principles and so was "out." And after he went away I stole down into the park in my electric runabout and talked to Mr. Lincoln about it. He seemed to know. When I went away, I left a little kiss on the monument.

Billy was perfectly cringing that next day when he had to confess that he had failed on what he called "this Aurelia proposition." He begged to be let off.

"You see," said he, "she may give me a frigid reception, and take offense at my delay in presenting this letter. Amelia may have written her, and she may be furious. There may be some sort of social statute of limitations on letters of introduction, and the thing may have run out, so that I'll be ejected by the servants, dearie. And, anyhow, it will place me in an equivocal position with Mr. Blunt—my coming to him as a tramp, and holding so very lightly the valuable social advantage of an acquaintance with the family. He won't remember that he jumped on me with both feet and gave me six months on bread and water. It—it may queer me in the business."

I here drew myself up to my full height, and froze him as I have seldom done.

"Mr. Helmerston," said I, "I have indicated to you a fact which I had supposed might have some weight with you as against sordid and merely prudential considerations—I mean my preferences in this matter. It seems, however, that—that you don't care the least little bit what *I* want, and I just know that you don't—care for me at all as you say you do; and I'm going home at once!"

Well, he was so abject, and so sorry to have given me pain, that I wanted to hug him, but I didn't.

Oh, I almost neglected to say that all our behavior had been of the most proper and self-contained sort. I would almost be willing to have Miss Featherstonehaugh at St. Cecilia's use a kinetoscope picture of all our meetings in marking me in deportment. Of course, conversations in parks and at concerts do not lend themselves to transports very well, and the kinetoscopes do not reproduce what is said, do they? Or the way one feels when one is grinding into the dust, in that manner, the most splendid fellow in the whole terrestrial and stellar universe.

"I'll go, by George!" he vowed. "And I'll sit on Aurelia's doorstep without eating or drinking until she comes home and kicks me down the stairs!" I was wondering as I went home how soon he would come; but I was astonished to learn that Mr. Helmerston was in my reception-room.

"Hi informed 'im," said the footman, "that you would 'ardly be 'ome within a reasonable time of waiting; but 'e said 'e would remain until you came, Miss, nevertheless."

I went down to him just as I was, in my simple piqué dress, wearing the violets he had given me. "Mr. Helmerston," said I, "I must apologize for the difficulty I have given you in obtaining the very slight boon of meeting me, and say how good you are to come again—and wait. Any friend of dearest Amelia's, not to mention her cousin, is——"

He had stood in a state of positive paralysis until now.

"Dolly! Dolly! Dearest, dearest Dolly!" he cried, coming up to me and taking—and doing what he hadn't had a chance to do before. "Oh, my darling, are *you* here?"

After quite a while he started up as if he had forgotten something.

"What is it?" said I. "There isn't a promenader or a policeman this s i d e of the park, sweetheart!"

"No," he a n s w e r e d after another interval—for I hadn't called him anything like that before—"but I was thinking that—that Aurelia—is a long time in coming home."

"Why, don't you know *yet*, you goosey," s a i d I. "*I'm* Aurelia!"

"With No One Paying any Attention but Mr. Lincoln"

And this brings me to the point w h e r e dalliance must cease—m o s t of the time—while the drama takes on the darker tinge given it by Pa's cruel obstinacy, and the misdeeds of the Pruntys—whom I should have brought on in the first act, somehow, on a d a r k e n e d stage, conspiring across it over a black bottle, and once in a while getting up to peek up and down the flies, meanwhile uttering the villain's sibilant "Sh!" I don't suppose it *is* artistic, from the Augustus Thomas viewpoint, but I wanted the honeyed sweets of this courtship of mine without a tang of bitter; and, honestly now, isn't it a lovely little plot for a love-drama?

II

THE Pruntys live near Saint Joe, where they have a town and stockyards and grain-elevators, and thousands and thousands of acres of land all of their own, just like mediæval barons—only instead of having a castle with a donjon-keep with battlements and mysterious oubliettes and drizzly cells and a moat, they live in a great wooden house with verandas all round, and of a sort of composite architecture—Billy says that it is Queen Anne in front and Mary Ann at the rear—and hot and cold water in every room, and with a stone windmill-tower with a wheel on the top that you couldn't possibly put in a picture, it is so round and machiney-looking. Old Mr. Prunty says it cost twenty-seven thousand five hundred and eighty-three dollars and thirty-six cents—says it every chance he gets, without the variation of a cent. The Pruntys are scandalously rich. Their riches bought them a place in this play.

When Pa had begun to forge to the front in Peoria, where he began, he had all the knack he ever possessed for getting business, but he didn't have much money.—I don't see any reason why we shouldn't confess this here. So he went to old Mr. Prunty, with whom he had become acquainted while he was putting in a town lighting-plant in the Prunty private village, and showed him how remunerative it would be to put money into Pa's business. This Mr. Prunty did, and I once saw the balance-sheet showing the profits he made. They were something frightful to a mind alive to the evils of the concentration of wealth—and the necessity of dividing with other people; but I shouldn't care so much for *that*, I am afraid, if it hadn't brought us into relations with Enos Prunty, Junior, who was brought up to the business of taking over the Mid-Continent Electric Company, and incidentally, Me. The very idea!

I must not be disingenuous any more, and therefore I will admit that at one time I should have consented to the merger if it hadn't been for Enos' perfectly impossible name. Not that I loved him: not at all. But he wasn't bad looking, and he had overcome a good deal of the Prunty *gaucherie*—I should think he ought to, the schools he had been through—and a girl really does like to think of trousseaux, and establishments and the like. One day, though, I hired a card-writer on the street to write out for me the name "Mrs. Enos Prunty, Jr.," upon looking at which I fled as from a pestilence, and threw it into the grate, and had a fire kindled, although it was one of those awful days when the coroner never can tell whether it was the heat or the humidity.

I had met Billy in the restaurant the day before.

But Pa liked Enos, and sort of treated the matter as if it was all arranged; and when Billy came into the spotlight as our social superior—which the Helmerstons would be by any of the old and outworn standards—I began to pet Pa one evening, and ask him how he liked Mr. Helmerston; whereupon Pa exploded with a terrific detonation, and said he wanted the relations of Mr. Helmerston with the Blunt family confined strictly to the field of business; that he hated and despised all the insufferable breed of dubs—I never could get Pa to say "cad"—who crept into employments like spies, under false pretenses, and called an Institute of Technology a "Tech," and looked down on better electricians who had come up by hard knocks. And Pa insisted that a man must have been pretty tough who had acquired in college circles from the Atlantic to the Missouri the *nom de guerre* of "Billy Hell."

Pa is a good business man, and has exceptional facilities for looking up people's records; but it seemed a little sneaky to use them on Billy, and to know so much, when we were so sure he never suspected a thing. I told him so, too, but all he said was "Huh." I was very angry, and when Mr. Prunty, Junior, came to see me next time I repulsed his addresses with such scorn that he went away in a passion. He said he laid no claim to being a human being, but he was, at least, a member of the animal kingdom, and that my way of treating him would have been inhuman had he been a toadstool. I retorted that I'd concede him a place among the mushrooms—fancy *my*

(Continued on Page 28)

I Met a Disreputable Figure

Letters to Unsuccessful Men

Being Certain Letters Selected from the Private Correspondence of the Spurlock Family

III—From Jack to Uncle Bill, in Which the Prodigal Describes His Life in the Galleys, and the Manner of His Promotions.

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THE CORRESPONDENTS

WILLIAM ("Bill") SPURLOCK, aged 48, the youngest of the brothers, editor of the Cañon Echo and joint owner, with a mortgage, of the Zero Ranch.

JONAS ("Con") SPURLOCK, aged 57, president of the Consolidated Groceries Company, and stockholder and director in a dozen other trusts.

CASSIUS SPURLOCK, aged 61, multi-millionaire and Senator from a Middle Western State.

JACK SPURLOCK, the prodigal son of Jonas Spurlock.

Dear Uncle Bill: NEW YORK, February 2, 19—.

This one opens with that low, quivery, driven-from-home music. The governor, as leading heavy, has the centre, and is chasing me from the busy marts of trade with, "Begone, sir, and never let your face darken the doors of my grocery again!" And I, henceforth an outcast and a wanderer, with nothing between me and starvation but a thousand plunks, am fighting my way through the blinding snow to the St. Regis, buffeted by a gale that is blowing in Belasco's best manner.

Say, unkie, but wouldn't that call forth the hiss of honest indignation from the galleries? And when the curtain goes up on the next act, and shows me in my humble room and bath, looking the future squarely and bravely in the face across a pint of naughty juice, wouldn't the matinée maidens just lay the dust with their tears? I feel all choked-up every time I stage it and see how proudly and nobly I carried myself—until I discovered that the governor was really in earnest. Then, of course, I tried to make him see the improbability and absurdity of the whole situation, and to persuade him that anything of the sort couldn't happen except in a bum show. But he was so stuck on his part that a dead cat—dead all nine times and some distance along on his ninth death—wouldn't have budged him, and he made it happen.

In fact, he made quite a number of things happen before this one, but I was an innocent and protesting party to them all, as my last letter to you will prove. I assured the governor before he sent me West that the idea of my ever becoming a Captain of Industry was preposterous; that I was sure I couldn't be a Captain of limited industry even, but he wouldn't listen. He was still so full of bear that there was no room in him for suggestion, and the only concession I could get was a change of sentence from the Akron to the Chicago branch. That, a hundred for railway fare, and some good advice—at least he said it was good, though it rang a little hollow to me—was all I took away in exchange for an hour of brilliant conversation and cogent reasoning.

I certainly did get conned at Harvard. While I was there I put in a year of the hardest kind of work on logic, under the impression that I could go up against the governor with it and get away with the prize money right along. Yet the first time I made practical use of it and handed out a syllogism which was a corker, containing major and minor promises to be good that admitted of only one conclusion—a thousand—the governor went dead against all the rules which my professor told me must be observed by every reasonable person, and arrived at a feeble and fallacious hundred as the answer. That's what comes of arguing with any one who hasn't a trained mind. Even when you've got the best of him, he won't admit it. Even if he's forced to admit it, he's so mad with you for giving him the worst of it that he won't cough up the fruits of victory. So what's the use? I was too disgusted to care what happened to me after I saw how cheap the governor held me, so I took the next train for Chicago.

If I owned a railroad I'd have all the trains run ten miles an hour going toward Chicago, and a hundred going away from it. For, unkie, the hardships which I suffered there during the past two months are simply incredible. The governor will tell you that my troubles are of my own making, but I'm sure you know me too well to believe that I would make trouble for myself. I didn't have to. That fellow Rawden, who is at the head of the Chicago branch, is ninety-nine per cent. of the stock of the Trouble Trust, with malice toward all, with charity for none. This may sound exaggerated on the go off, but let me tell you how it happened, and if you say I've swelled it up I'll eat crow, or sausage, or any other symbol of abasement.

I got to Chicago in the afternoon, and settled myself in a comfortable room in the Annex; for I not only hold with Andy that to die rich is to die disgraced, but I go him one better and maintain that to live poor is to live disgraced. Next morning I rose at eight sharp, as I had heard that Chicago was an early town, and I was determined that, so long as I was in Porkopolis, I would do as the porkers did. By nine I was on my way to report to Rawden. I don't suppose that a Chicago cab ever carried a load of better intentions, for now that I was in for it I was determined to follow the illustrious example of Tom Lipton, and other heroes of the grocery business, to whom the governor had pointed with pride in our final interview. I would do something—or somebody, or die. Say, unkie, it's lucky I had a third guess which I overlooked at the moment, or I should be dead, I reckon.

Aside from some loose ideas on the money question, a sort of B. C. Bryanism, old Epictetus generally dopes it out right. I have occasionally put my wad on him and been thrown, but usually he is my one best bet. As we passed a good-looking hotel I remembered that somewhere in the Enchiridion he says: "When you are going to meet any person, and particularly one of those who are considered to be in a superior condition, place before yourself what Socrates or Zeno would have done in such circumstances, and you will have no difficulty in making a proper use of the occasion." I couldn't quite remember what Zeno's specialty was, but I placed Socrates as the boy who made hemlock famous as an appetizer among the ancients. Evidently it was up to me to take a drink if I would make a good first impression, so I stopped the cab and sopped up a dry Martini, that being as close as one can get to the classics in Chicago.

I wasn't particularly stuck on the looks of the branch when I got there. There was no atmosphere of calm or repose about the place. It was a big factory, backed up against the river, with warehouses and offices in front. Every one on the shipping platforms outside seemed frightfully busy. The official smell of Chicago was slightly tempered in the neighborhood by an odor of roasting coffee, giving an effect like that obtained by a gentleman who bathes infrequently, but as an offset carries a perfumed handkerchief. Inside, it looked better, though depressingly busy again. There was a large office on the ground floor, in which at least a hundred clerks were working away as if to overtake their small, but agile, salaries. Opening from it were a dozen little rooms. Through the glass doors of these I caught glimpses of some chesty boys, smoking two-bit cigars and dictating to fair girl stenographers. That looked homey and all right. I chose a blonde.

There was no one sitting at the desk near the door, so I walked by it and into an office marked, "Mr. Rawden, Private." The man who was in there gave me a look out of the corner of his eye, but kept on writing. It struck me that he was unnaturally busy, busier than any man can be who is merely busy, so I sat down, pulled out a paper and began to read. That seemed to annoy him, for he looked up and snapped out:

"How d'you get in here?"

I didn't like his face; I didn't like his manner; and I didn't like his tone; so I answered pleasantly:

"Walked in."

"Well, walk out then; and be quick about it."

"Certainly," I answered. "If you'll send word to the Annex whenever you want to see me, I'll be at your disposal," and I started to leave.

"Stop!" he yelled after me. "What's your name?"

I turned and saw in his eye that he knew it, that he had known it all along, but I remembered that Socrates was a patient cuss and that he advocated sweetness and light, with an eye skinned for careless base-running, as a better way of putting out an opponent than swatting him over the head with a baseball bat. So I gave Rawden a winning smile and my card.

"What sort of time is this to be reporting for work?" he grumbled, holding the card as if it were an insult.

I saw now that my first impression was correct and that I wasn't going to like this man, but I answered, still patient:

"Greenwich, sir." That was pretty fresh, and my only excuse for doing it was that I couldn't think of anything fresher.

"Don't get gay, young feller," he shot back, sticking out his under lip at me, a trick that heightened the naturally unpleasant expression of his face. "We don't have any favorites or stand for any funny business in this shop, and the sooner you understand it the better we'll get along together. Your hours are from eight to six, and see that you keep them. I'll set you to work as soon as I get through here," and he started in to look busy again.

He hadn't asked me to sit down, but I sat down anyway, and was gratified to note that his scowl deepened. Then, as he had a stump of a cigar between his lips, I lit a cigarette. Unkie, it was simply great to see him come up—for all the world as if I'd lit a bomb and was watching the fuse sizzle.

"Stop that! Stop that!" he fairly yelled. "We don't allow the clerks to smoke in business hours. We don't allow cigaroot smoking at all."

If I had followed the promptings of my better nature I should have pasted him then and there, but I restrained myself, for I saw that the Socratic method was the one with which to get the most pleasure from him. Fighting the devil with fire isn't effective, because that's his element. If you really want to get gratifying results, use a little water and hear him hiss and sputter under it. So I replied in a soothing tone:

"Certainly, certainly," and dropped my cigarette before continuing: "But doesn't it strike you as rather high-handed to say what the men shall smoke at home? Oh! I know," I hurried on, waving my hand genially, "that many laymen hold that cigarettes are more injurious than cigars, but on the other hand, we have the opinions of some of our highest authorities, including the London Lancet——"

"Damn the London Lancet," he interrupted, shoving his face

"I Tink I Puy Mein Groceries from a House dot Haf Young Mans mit Respegdt for Deir Customers"

Handed Out a Syllogism Which was a Corker

up against mine. "I tell you that we don't allow ——" here he started back as if I'd stung him, and, sniffing suspiciously, wound up: "I smell liquor on your breath, young man. You've been drinking."

I hadn't imagined that just one would give me a megaphone breath. I saw that I should have to be careful with the Chicago benzine whenever I wished to remain incog. Of course I wanted to conform to the customs of the business world, but it struck me that this was getting sociable altogether too fast. The next thing I knew he'd be pulling a stomach pump on me to see what I'd had for breakfast. So I answered a little sharply:

"Smell again, sir, if it gives you pleasure. And let me add, to save time, that I've been eating, too."

He gritted his teeth. Then: "You will not drink while you are in the employ of this house, understand?"

I didn't answer, because I didn't care to lie.

"And we'll cut this short," he went on, "and get down to work." Then, with a nasty sneer, "Any preference as to what you'd like to do?"

"Well, I shouldn't have ventured to suggest it, but as long as you're so kind, I have got a preference."

"My place, perhaps?" he questioned with meat-axe sarcasm.

"No; I'm afraid I haven't the qualities for it, but I'd like to have the job which goes with that blonde," and I pointed to a pippin who was pounding the keys just outside his door. I took her for the head of the sugar department.

Of course, the only answer that a gentleman could make to this was a look of scorn, and he passed me one. Then, with the manner of opening the windows to let out a bad smell, he called a subordinate and turned me over to him, with: "This is Mr. Spurlock. He goes on the billing desk at twenty dollars a week. Break him in." Nit blonde stenographer. Then to me: "I hope that I shall hear better reports of you than this interview leads me to expect." The governor must surely have written rather slightingly of my abilities to make Rawden so cocky and offensive, for he was the sort of a cur to cringe for a kick, and then thank me for it, if he hadn't been tipped off that I was in disgrace and couldn't help or hurt him.

Say, unkie, why do they have penitentiaries, anyway, when they could get good and even with criminals by making them do office work? In the two weeks that I was on the billing desk I atoned for all the sins of my present life, and, admitting the Pythagorean theory, squared the account back to the time when I was an innocent trilobite. They had a boy at the door to keep cases on us, and my card was the last one out of the box every crack. It was such a regular thing that if I hadn't been on the inside myself, I'd have sworn the game was crooked.

Whenever I tried to get down extra early I caused a scandal in the office. Once I started in to beat the game by going to bed at eight o'clock. About three I was wide awake, and by six I had counted all the sheep in the world and had begun on goats. But I proved the theory sound, because the next thing I knew it was noon and the hotel management was boosting a boy over the transom to see if I had been asphyxiated.

Then I tried sitting up all night, and I made the office at seven A. M., but while I was waiting for the sluggards to come down to their tasks I got so drowsy that I fell asleep on the desk. I had had barely forty winks when that cussed Rawden happened by and started in to shake me awake. Now, unkie, a child should have known better than that, because, as I explained to him afterward, any one who is at all familiar with the results of recent psychical research knows that the subconscious ego resents intensely being forced to surrender its dominion over the brain to the conscious ego. And after one's conscious ego has spent a quick and hasty night endeavoring to cover the principal points of interest in a large city, it isn't always safe to turn in a hurry call on the brain cells to start billing.

I really thought that I was back in college, with Monty pounding on the door and yelling, "Get up, you pup!" and that I'd just thrown a book at him. But that was all a dream. The real thing was Rawden, shaking one fist at me, and wiping the ink off his face with the other—lucky for him I swatted him in the chest with the inkwell instead of in the head—while he yelled to me to go home and sleep off my debauch. Wouldn't that sting you sharper than a serpent's tooth, if you were trying to win out and please your governor?

I lived in a sort of endless chain of rough house that took a crack at me every morning, as regularly as a normal man takes a bath, and sent father a daily chronicle of my doings that must have read like a page from the Police Gazette. Of course, it all worked back to me in impulsive letters from home.

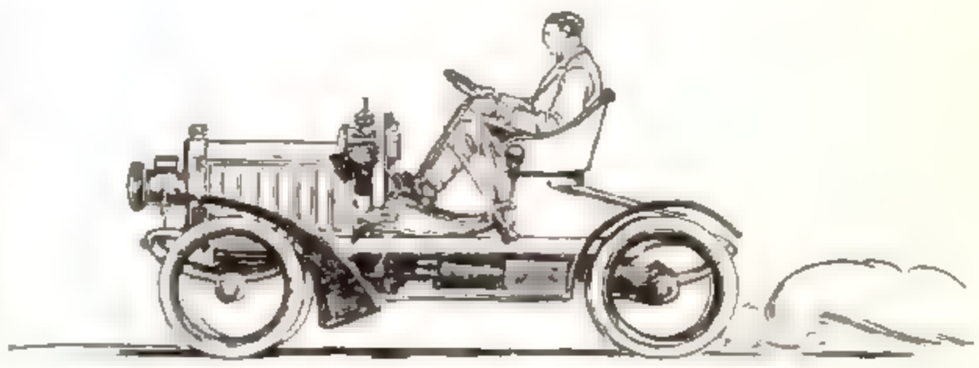
"We'll Cut this Short and Get Down to Work"

In the mean while I had been having trouble about my finances. Money is the root of all evil—perhaps; but it's a cinch that the lack of it is the root of all worry. I had been a star member of the Don't Worry Club all my life. The initiation-fee is a roll with a rubber band around it. Then you belong. At the end of my first week in Chicago I had the rubber band, but the roll was outside of it, so I lost my membership. I sent my hotel bill and one or two other matters to father, and while he returned a check for them, he told me that he would pay no more bills; that he expected me to *hunt a boarding-house and live on my salary!* and there was no over-the-left postscript or tear marks on the letter, either.

Now, unkie, I had been proceeding on the theory that for a fellow who submitted to such indignities all day, nothing was too good at night. It had never occurred to me that father expected me to live on my pitiful salary; in fact I had not even mentioned the matter of remuneration to him in our final talk, taking the higher view that while I was learning to be a Captain, he would not permit worry over money matters to distract my attention from business. Of course, I knew a lot of people did live on twenty a week, but I didn't propose to be one of them—at least one of them and a billing clerk, too. That was rubbing it in altogether too deep. However, I saw from the tone of the governor's letter that he was so wrapped up in the idea of my living on my humble earnings that I must humor him for a while. I must prove that even if I was a dub at sordid detail, I was all to the good when large amounts were concerned. I must show him that there was the making of a sky-high financier in me.

How to raise money! How to get the gilt! How did people raise money? How did Pierpont raise the wind? How did Cassie get away with the coin? How did the governor—— Why sure! at the bank, of course.

I had had quite a bundle of letters when I struck Chicago, and by the merest chance I had already presented one to father's banker and had dined there. Of course, I was the



Chased Around from One Corner Grocery to Another

young prince to him, Mr. Main Squeeze Junior, heir-apparent to the whole chicory works, but honest, unkie, that side of it never occurred to me then. It might have if I'd stopped to think, but I was in a hurry. In fact, I promised Cabbie a dollar tip, and he burned up the asphalt to the bank. The president was very gentlemanly about it—took a ninety-day note for two thousand without asking a single prying question, and called me his "dear young friend, whom he hoped to see more of." It was a safe hope, and I told him so.

When I reached the office about eleven, with the stiffening in my backbone that comes from a silent treatment by two thousand in the pistol-pocket, and with a stern determination to buck up now and show 'em that I was a boy business wonder, I was told to report to Rawden.

Of course, we had a most unpleasant scene. He reproached me bitterly for being late; told me that in the fortnight since I had gone to work the finest office force in Chicago had become so demoralized that half the men were late every morning. I confessed cheerfully that I was a sound and sincere sleeper. He ignored my manly statement, and went on to say that within a week a dozen men had struck him for raises in salary, due to a propaganda of discontent which I had been spreading. I promptly went on record as being of the opinion that ten thousand a year was little enough for a billing clerk. And finally—how my heart leaped, for I hoped that he was leading up to firing me—in direct disobedience of his orders, I had continued to smoke what I pleased, to drink when I pleased, and yesterday I had been seen giving a box of candy to his stenographer. This must stop. My heart sank, for it looked as if I wasn't to be fired after all, and I had vowed to stick by the grocery till I set fire to it in my sleep or they

(Concluded on Page 80)

Took a Ninety-Day Note for Two Thousand Without Asking a Single Prying Question

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

The Man Who Can't Stop

OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN, the originator, builder and manager of the Manhattan Opera House, which this season is to open as a serious rival to the Metropolitan, for so many years the foremost operatic institution in America, has built nine other theatres in New York, four of which he owns to-day: the Belasco, the Hackett, the Victoria, and, his biggest achievement, the Manhattan.

Twenty-five years ago, as the silent partner of Manager Neuendorf, he built down on the Bowery the Windsor, his first venture; others that followed were the Harlem Opera House; the Columbus, now Proctor's 125th Street Theatre; Harlem Music Hall; Koster and Bial's, formerly the Manhattan Theatre; the Olympia, where he had three performances going on at once, vaudeville, concert and drama; the New York; Hackett; Victoria; and now the Manhattan Opera House.

Of the four that he now owns, the Victoria, under his personal management, is reputed to net him a profit of $200,000 a year.

The Phœnix was a mere amateur compared to Mr. Hammerstein, who appears not to recognize ashes when he sees them; if his playhouses should all go up in smoke to-night he would be planning for bigger ones on their several sites to-morrow.

This is the kind of man he is: Arriving in New York from Germany as a boy, with a blanket for baggage, he commenced his new life on a salary of two dollars a week, as apprentice in a cigar factory; of a mechanical turn he began to invent appliances for the improvement of his adopted trade; one of them, the manufacture of cigars by compressed air, has brought to its owners millions. In the old country he had studied harmony and mastered three musical instruments, and the call of art presently grew stronger than that of commerce. Then he set about building theatres. At the end of twenty-five years of it he is dedicating his chief effort to the Muse he forsook for the humbler one of Nicotine.

"And in all that time, but for my single association with Neuendorf, I never had a partner or a backer," declares Mr. Hammerstein. "Some people thrive on advice, but I don't. Whenever a project comes up that I am not able to put through without asking others how to do it, I let it alone. But music was not always neglected, I had to be busy; so at odd times I wrote three operas—all bad."

Ten years ago Mr. Hammerstein undertook on a wager to write an opera—music and lyrics—in forty-eight hours. The wager was for one hundred dollars; when he came out from behind locked doors, where he had accomplished it, he vowed that $50,000 would not tempt him to repeat the feat.

Gustav Kerker, whose prolific brain would seem to be made of punched rolls of paper, that need only to be put into a piano-player to grind out tunes, produced an opera called "Venus." He invited Mr. Hammerstein to Boston to witness its first performance. Notwithstanding this gentle professional attention, Mr. Hammerstein's unflattering criticism aroused the composer's ire.

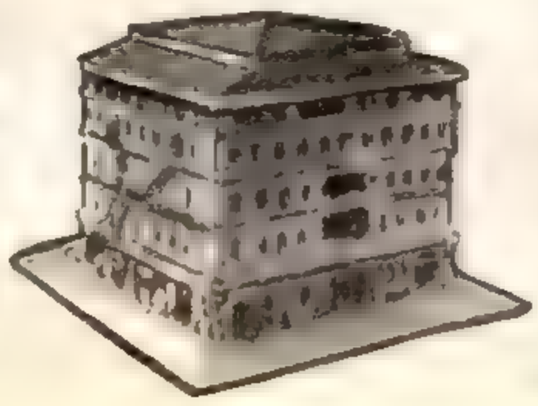
"What do you know about music?" he queried.

"As much as you do," came the retort.

"Then prove it by writing an opera."

A title, "Kohinoor," and a musical theme to run through the melodies, to prevent use of previous ideas, were given him; the time for completion and the wager were fixed. Locked up by a jury of three, Mr. Hammerstein started to work.

A few minutes later a crowd of hand-organs began to play under the windows of the hotel where he was writing. With musical forethought his opponent had hired them. Frenzied by the clamor that drove every "Kohinoor" idea from his brain, the composer raised a window and emptied a pitcher of water on the hand-organists.



The crowd blocking Broadway cheered, and the din went on. It was not until an hour later that the hotel-keeper, bent on seeing fair play, and himself somewhat upset by the turmoil, cleared the neighborhood with the help of a squad of policemen. Then "Kohinoor" proceeded. At the end of forty-eight hours Mr. Hammerstein emerged victorious.

"But my ideas are always formed and put through in a hurry," he added inconsequently, after reciting the story.

"One day I went into a cigar store on Third Avenue. It was a chance accident. Behind the counter was a young girl I had never laid eyes on before; also a chance accident. Within a week we were married.

"It was a sudden idea that turned my career, for I was intended for a musician. One day in boyhood I felt the necessity of freedom, for my father was cruel. I sold my violin; there was a sailing vessel in the harbor whose captain agreed to take me to New York for the proceeds. It took us three months to get there.

"'Did I have a spell of homesickness?' No, I had a spell of joy; I was following out an idea.

"I have never known fear or fright or happiness. What is happiness, after all, but the putting of our ideas into execution? And I have so many ideas that I am too busy with the new to remember the old one just put into practice. Still, to be strictly truthful," he added with a Dooley-like philosophy, "I did realize happiness once. It was after I had had an aching tooth pulled.

"But rest? How can people rest when there is so much to be done? Only once in my life have I been bamboozled into taking it, and my doctor was responsible. 'You must go to the seashore,' he said, 'sit on a porch, and don't think of anything!'

"I went to Atlantic City and sat on a porch, which was easy enough, but when I tried not to think of anything I gave it up and went back to town. I dare any doctor to tell me again to sit on a porch

"Now, when I want to take a rest, I put on my overalls and go into a shop that I have fitted up on the top floor of the Victoria Theatre, and work at my inventions for the tobacco industry. One of them, the art of making cigars by the compressed-air method, has made millions; I sold it for $6000. Ideas come so easily that I never realize that the things I invent are of value. But if I gave up the developing of my ideas I should be a candidate for the ranks of the mummies.

"In the days that I earned two dollars a week, and I lived on it, and in my early struggles, and I had enough of them, I had youth, and youth hangs on like a bulldog; it doesn't realize things. But the man does realize them. I never sleep more than three or four hours any night. If I go to bed at twelve o'clock I am up by four. No sooner does my head strike the pillow than my mind goes loose, just as it did that day on the porch when I tried not to think of anything. Nature has made only one mistake in man; she should have given him a switch with which to turn off his thoughts.

"'I may have the double job of considering other people's thoughts as well as my own when my prima donnas and tenors and bassos begin to arrive?' I don't doubt it; the greater they are the more eccentric they are likely to be. But all depends upon the director, who is the field marshal; if he is tactful there is no need of a clash. I am rather irritable, but I have self-control, and that carries me over many dangerous places.

"To direct grand opera is like running a newspaper: you must feel what will go, and what is fit and unfit.

"I have no one in front, behind or beside me in this venture except a translator who speaks six languages; the managing, the soothing and the smoothing I shall do myself.

"I have observed opera in New York since the days of Mapleson, Lucca, Nilsson and Wachtl, mostly from the gallery. When I do see performances in my own Opera House it will not be from a box, but from the last row.

"But I'll tell you this, if my grand opera expectations are realized I'll regret putting on a swallow-tailed coat, and the next day I'll be looking for something else to do. My only rest will be when I become personally acquainted with my ancestors."

The Hall of Fame

¶ Colonel Samuel Colt, of Rhode Island, who wants to go to the United States Senate in Senator Wetmore's place, is at the head of the rubber trust.

¶ Former Governor Odell, of New York, is a railroad and steamboat magnate.

¶ Oscar Strauss, who will go in the Cabinet as Secretary of Commerce and Labor, is the first Hebrew who ever became an American cabinet minister.

¶ C. W. Morse, the Ice King, has two fads. One is buying banks and the other is buying coastwise and river steamship lines. He has a fine collection of each.

¶ John W. Gates, the New York plunger on Wall Street and at the race-tracks, has especially wide doors built in his automobiles. The ordinary doors are too narrow for him.

¶ "Baron" William Nelson, owner of the Kansas City Star, is an enthusiastic collector of automobiles. He has a flock in Kansas City, a flock in New York and a flock in Paris.

¶ President Roosevelt apparently likes former Democrats for advisers. Secretary Bonaparte is as much of a Democrat as he is anything, and Oscar Strauss used to be a member of that party.

¶ Representative J. Warren Keifer, of Ohio, who was Speaker of the Forty-seventh Congress, is back in the Fifty-ninth Congress. He wears a suit of evening clothes every day, with spike-tailed coat and frilled shirt, and talks every time he can get a chance, no matter what is under discussion. His colleagues think he is trying to make up for the time he lost during the more than twenty years he was out of Congress.

SERIOUS AND FRIVOLOUS FACTS
ABOUT THE GREAT AND THE NEAR GREAT

Bim, the Button Man

MARK HANNA was in his room in the Hotel Walton in Philadelphia in June, 1900, trying to find some way to defeat the nomination of Theodore Roosevelt, as Vice-President, on the ticket with President McKinley He was making heavy weather of it, for although Mr. Roosevelt said he wouldn't take the nomination, Hanna knew the nomination would take Roosevelt, especially as those two genial promoters of the operation of "shelving Roosevelt," Senators Quay and Platt, were doing the manipulating.

Hanna did not want Roosevelt. He didn't know whom he did want, for all his booms, started auspiciously for favorite sons from here and there, had flattened. He was searching his soul for a name that might arouse a little enthusiasm when the door opened and a short, fat, red-headed and extremely red-faced man came in.

"Mr. Hanna," he said apologetically.

"Well?" snapped Hanna.

"Mr. Hanna, please tell me who will be nominated for Vice-President."

"Gr-r-r-r!" choked Hanna. "Get out of here! How the—the—how do I know?"

The short, fat, red-headed and extremely red-faced man withdrew. He stood in the hall for a few minutes and then he went back into Hanna's room.

"Mr. Hanna."

"What is it? What is it? Oh, you're back again. What—what?"

"Mr. Hanna," broke in the visitor, "you know me. We've done plenty of business together. Please nominate Mr. Roosevelt for Vice-President. Please, Mr. Hanna, for my sake."

Hanna laughed. "What will happen, Bim, if we don't?" he asked.

"What will happen? Say, Mr. Hanna, I've got all me fortune tied up in McKinley and Roosevelt buttons, and, if Roosevelt ain't nominated, it's me to make a dent in the Delaware River."

The short, fat, red-headed and extremely red-faced suppliant was Bim, the Button Man, most famous of all the political prognosticators and about the only one who put up money on his opinion and information.

Some day a peerer into the inscrutable will tell us why is it the Average Human Animal loves to plaster himself with badges and buttons, will give the real reason and not work off the "inherent-love-of-decoration" explanation which doesn't explain anything. Bim doesn't know why. He only knows it is a fact, and it is his business to push the lunacy along.

The campaign button developed with the first McKinley nomination in 1896. There had been campaign buttons before that time, but in this contest there were buttons by the million. Bim, whose real name is Myer Bimberg, had been in the novelty business, and his eagle eye saw no greater novelty than a button with a candidate's picture on it. Other button men were content to await the event before they put out their buttons. Bim figured that the man who had his buttons first in the field would get the most money for them, and he began to look for advance information.

If a man wants political information he must ask for it. Bim soon became known to all the big politicians. "Who's going to be nominated?" he asked of everybody he could reach. His first great stroke was at the St. Louis convention in 1896, when he had McKinley and Hobart buttons, trunks full of them, on the spot and began selling them while they were placing Hobart in nomination.

Still, there are reverses. Bim thought Bland was to be the man nominated by the Democratic convention that followed soon afterward at Chicago. So did about everybody else but William Jennings Bryan, and when Bryan made his speech and proved that his personal judgment was better than that of the wise men, Bim had enough Bland buttons on hand to ballast a ship.

It was then he made the famous declaration: "Got to change my name. I ain't Bim, the Button Man, any longer. I'm Bum, the Bitten Man."

Bim kept circulating among the politicians and the newspaper men. His thirst for advance information was insatiate. His own judgment was excellent, too. He refused to believe that any other than Governor Roosevelt would be nominated at Philadelphia in 1900, in spite of the strenuous protests of Mr. Roosevelt and all his friends that the Governor would not take the place. He had Senator Hanna's word for it, too, that he was against the nomination of Roosevelt. Bim shook his red-thatched head doggedly. "I ain't been in this game for nothing," he said. "They're going to nominate Mr. Roosevelt, and I know it." They did nominate him, too, and Bim sold his buttons.

He was a careful speculator. If he could not get what he thought was exact information he made buttons for several of the most likely men, and he rarely missed. When Bryan was nominated in Kansas City, in 1900, Bim was in a quandary. He ran perspiringly from headquarters to headquarters trying to find out who would go on the ticket with Bryan. Some thought this one and some thought that. Bim made a dozen different combinations of Bryan and So-and-So. Then they nominated Adlai E. Stevenson.

Bim was discovered standing dejectedly in front of the Midland Hotel. "Did you land Stevenson, Bim?" a passing reporter asked.

"Land nothing!" snorted Bim. "I had buttons with every man in the United States they said lightning was likely to hit, but how was I to know they would go up to Illinois and rob a grave?"

Bim prospered as the years went along. He expanded from buttons to banners—those hideous affairs they hang over the streets for some unknown political purpose. He made all sorts of insignia, and was at every convention, red and full of business.

One day there was a paragraph in the New York papers that read: "Myer Bimberg has bought the land at such-and-such a corner and will build a modern theatre."

"Myer Bimberg?" said New York. "Who is Myer Bimberg, and what does he know about theatres?"

Then it was discovered that Myer Bimberg was Bim, the Button Man, and everybody laughed; that is, everybody but Bim.

"Where did you get it, Bim?" he was asked.

"Get what?" was the invariable reply.

"The money to build that theatre."

"Oh, I got it, and I've got more, too."

The town laughed, but Bim went about his theatre building. He built a good one and opened it with great éclat. The newspapers all gave him long reading notices, mostly in a jocular vein, telling how Bim, the Button Man, had become an impresario.

As soon as the new theatre was going well there was another paragraph in the real-estate news that Mr. Myer Bimberg had bought more property and intended to build another theatre.

Then those who knew Bim in his button days began to sit up and take notice. They found that the story was true. He had the land and he built another theatre. Then it was reported that a new theatre was to be built on Broadway, near the new Astor Hotel. New York wasn't interested—they start new theatres almost every day over there—until it learned that the new playhouse was to be built by Mr. Myer Bimberg.

The evolution of Bim from Bim to Mr. Myer Bimberg, the well-known capitalist and manager of theatres, has taken about ten years. Perhaps it proves something. There may be a deep-seated moral somewhere. If there is, and Bim finds out about it, he will have it dramatized and put on at one of his theatres.

"I ain't doing much in buttons now," said Bim the other day, "for my theatres keep me pretty busy. But say, what's the difference between them. You get a candidate and you put him on a button, and you get an actor and you put him on the stage. Then you sell 'em, and, if they're the real goods, the people will buy."

Father's Advice

FOUR years ago, when ex-Governor Odell, of New York, was coming up for a renomination at the convention in Saratoga, there was a plan to put a man on the ticket with him, for Lieutenant-Governor, to whom Odell objected strongly.

The Governor's father, eighty-eight years old, a deacon in the church, and very strict in religious matters, was in Saratoga.

There was a conference at one of the hotel cottages that lasted until late in the morning. The other leaders were trying to force Odell to take the obnoxious man.

About two o'clock Odell's father, who had heard what was going on, stalked angrily over to the cottage and rapped on the door. Frank Platt, son of Senator Platt, came to the door.

"Well?" said Platt sharply.

"I want to see my son," demanded Odell.

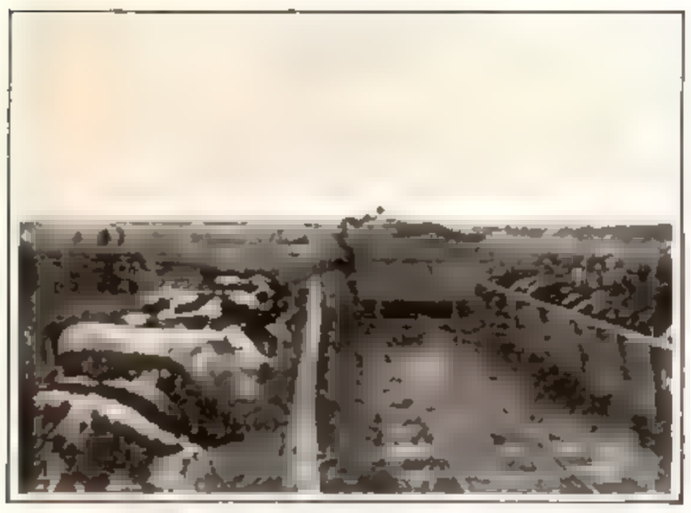
The Governor came to the door.

"What is it, father?" he asked.

"Ben," said the old deacon, "tell them to go to——!"

"Yes, father," replied the Governor obediently, and he went back and did just that.

THE GREAT AMERICAN STEER



Putting Out Feed. (No Longhorns Here)

III—The Innocent Range Man

By Emerson Hough

THIS little old world of ours has seen some pretty pilgrimages in its time; marches of bare-legged Aryans, long-legged Cimri, short-legged Tartars, strong-legged Teutons, Huns, Goths and Vandals, all for the most part moving west, and with a certain foregone peacefulness. Longitude smiles on longitude; but between latitude and latitude there is war. When westbound meets northbound or southbound, whether of men or cows, then and there is an epoch.

Cows came from Africa or Asia perhaps to lower Spain, thence to Cuba and the Antilles, thence to Mexico, and so far very softly. But now they start northward over the Rio Grande against the westbound tide of blue-eyed men, and an empire goes under arms. They thrust from Texas north into a vast rude region newly swept of other cattle of deformed aspect, and lo! an epoch. The largest body of free and unrestrained weapon-bearing men the world ever saw, the most active agents whether of law or lawlessness, came suddenly and sulphureously upon the stage. Why? Because of northbound cows.

With one great wave a vast region had been flooded with uncounted and unprotected wealth, which could be guarded by no fence save that of arms. The Western sheriff, the Western town marshal, the rustler, the desperado fought for the centre of the stage, mingling with men from the West and from the East, who knew that the law of property ultimately must win against the law of the open.

Loose property ran long-legged and free, owned only by the sign of the brand; but the brand was *fierro*, or vent brand, or road brand, and all this was complicated by much diversified hot poker pyrography as each artist had listed; wherefore much room lay for argument by word of mouth or deed of gun. The evil-minded saw that a hair-grown U, for instance, could be changed into a clean-looking O with little effort, a half circle could be rewritten into a whole circle by means of a piece of telegraph wire; and the whole circle might be worth over sixty dollars, a fair day's work in the good old summer time. A loyal foreman did these things with mavericks or soft-branded cows for the sake of his boss. Soon he fell victim to the spell of opportunity, and by the same process started a herd of his own. Graft on the range was early, abundant and tempting, more excusable than most graft and quite reversed, because here the poor grafted from the rich. No wonder we mourn those days!

This state of affairs, however, could not endure. The time of commerce came, supplementing the methods of the old cow business, so long *sui generis*. New men came upon the range, men not born south of the Red, nor west of the Missouri, as was the accepted shibboleth of the old trade. As cow prices soared these men saw a new and tempting business. The bold, the adventurous, the shrewd and the thoughtful of the entire country crowded West upon the plains and took part in the gayest season America ever saw, or ever will see, the boldest, the most fascinating; and for a time the most boundlessly profitable. The cry went abroad that feed cost nothing, that the steer walked to the free range on his own legs and ate free grass and free water; so that all was profit, velvet, or what to-day is technically known as water. All this really meant competition, and that spelled adjustment, which in time cost much bloodshed. These new cowmen banded together, capital against labor, as ever. They wrote laws that the cow foreman might not own his own branding iron, that no man might ride with a "straight iron" under his leg, searching maverickwise. They set cattle detectives at shipping points and camps and towns, formed cattle associations, established State brand registry, put cattle inspectors at all the great Eastern markets; with the result that the thrifty rustler could no longer drive his and his neighbor's cows with accustomed ease and profit. Cattle ranging became a business instead of a pastoral occupation or a poor man's picnic.

Wide and generous traditions vanished when barbed wire came to the range. More traditions fell when the thoughtful man of the maturing range began to shorten the legs of the steer and to reduce his horns, seeing that he now came North by rail and needed no legs, and seeing that the wolves were so far gone that he needed no horns, and seeing that water was so frequent in the North that he need not keep lean running to it. Incidentally he saw, also, that legs and horns are the least edible portions of the great American steer. This had not previously been discovered in the careless, early days.

A Former Cowman at Yale Who Now Owns a Few Thousand Acres Stocked with Cattle

Many changes appeared now, because of cows and concerning them, and very much confusion and irascibility arose. In the terms of the country reporter, great excitement prevailed. The wealthy cow owners more and more banded against the rustlers and the small settlers who had few cows. Often open war ensued. No one knows how many men were killed without process of law. Who won? Did you ever know anything but the New to win?

Native Breed—Corn-Belt Cattle

Roping, S. M. S. Ranch. Very Little Roping is Now Done

But let us go softly here also, and not sweepingly say that the East brought west of the Missouri all the wisdom in the world, and all the infallibility that country ever knew. We are here to tell the story of the steer; and the ragged profile of that story gained no more smoothness or permanency after the arrival of the non-resident cowman on the maturing range than it had had before. The New which he brought out with his commercial ideas presently became old.

Soon came '86 and its blizzards, and that spring some brands did not gather twenty per cent., not ten per cent., of their herds. Drifts, stampedes, thefts, Indians, rustlers, storm and starvation swept millions off the map of this new commerce. The non-resident, indeed, found he needed something more than a leather hatband to become a cowman; he needed something inside the hat. A few had that something. Thus old man Harris Franklin, of Deadwood, in the disastrous spring of '86 sent out word that he would make a round-up of his own in southwest Dakota and would buy all he found at a set figure. He made a half million in the next six months; but he made this at the expense of a shattered industry. Dealing in sweeping and well-sounding generality, we may say that up to 1886 everybody wanted to be in the range cattle business; and that after 1886 everybody wanted to be out of it.

To be specific in matters so wide, so varied and so complex is something of a large order. As it chances, I have this season been over almost the entire cattle range of the American and Canadian West, from Edmonton, Alberta, to the gulf coast of Texas. On each parallel of latitude the story was the same: that the range was gone, that there was no longer any money in range cattle. This may be accepted with *quantum meruit* of salt, but is to be admitted there is something in the complaint.

In the Canadian north, especially in western Alberta, the wheat farmer is boring into the range and driving out thousands of cattle forever, just as the homesteader has been doing over so much of our own range region. As to the latter, if some Rip Van Winkle of '73 or '83 or '93 should awake to-day he would surely need to rub his eyes.

Let us take Texas for first instance, since all steer theorems come back to Texas first or last. Texas in the popular mind is a vast, joyous land of saltpetre and rope, of countless madly-bounding longhorns pursued by fierce creatures in fiercer clothes. This is about as far from truth as anything could be, and farther now than formerly. College boys come East from the cow range, and their college friends are eager to go back with them and become Howard Chandler Christy cow-punchers, if not real Remingtons. They want to have a picture of a bucking bronco on one side of their homely abode, and a picture of a pretty girl on the other, so that they can be alternately fierce and wistful, as all true heroes should be. As a matter of fact, they might much better go to Pittsburg. Texas is no longer big and boundless and cow-puncherish. Cotton and milo maize and kaffir corn have pressed

westward almost to the rim rock of the Staked Plains, and Texas is going from gray to green.

We left the curtain of our last act drawn at the passing of our trail drover, say, 1889 or 1890, about which time the census-taker told us our frontier was gone. Let us see what happened down in Texas during the third act of our steer drama, more especially in districts which hung on to the old cow methods. For instance, take a certain ranch of Young County. In 1890 there were no fences in that county. Cattle ranged over that and several other counties, and the nearest railroad town was sixty miles. Many calves were thus lost every year, and in 1892 the ranch began to fence.

Cows rise all along the line. In 1896 our ranch has 35,000 acres under fence, some of it leased land. It has to pay ten cents per acre each year, or three times what would have bought that land outright not long ago. But the land is valued at about three dollars an acre in 1896. A three-year-old steer is worth thirty-two dollars, a two-year-old twenty-five, and a yearling fifteen. In 1901 the owners begin to sell part of their land, and it readily brings five dollars an acre. The purchaser buys all the cows at twenty dollars straight through, not counting unbranded calves. In the next year the books show that three-year-olds sell at twenty-seven dollars, yearlings at sixteen. In 1903, yearlings drop to fourteen dollars, and in 1904 to thirteen, at which time four-year-olds bring only thirty dollars. The cattle business is falling off? Yes. But land is coming up.

Now let us see whether we cannot find a better answer to the changed conditions in the methods employed by some other ranch. A good and typical instance is to be had in the town of Stamford, which has grown up in the big pastures of the S. M. S. ranch, established years ago by S. M. Swenson, an old-time Texas cowman. The methods of this ranch are not generally to be found all over Texas, but they represent, none the less, a tendency. The ranch strain of to-day, North and South, is based on the theory of quickly-matured beef. Our ranch carries Herefords, with a slight Shorthorn undercurrent. These calves are, in the stockman's slang, baby beeves.

But where shall we sell our baby beeves? The answer, discovered in Texas as in the North, is that they must be shipped to the East and matured in the corn belt, where it is no longer so profitable to breed. Manifestly the right theory is to ship our baby beeves to the corn belt as young and with as good "beef impulse," as good a fattening start, as possible. This is precisely what our typical ranch is doing.

For forty years everybody thought that short, curly grass and alkali water made the only diet for range beef. Any chemist could have told us better; could have told us that the steer ate that grass because it contained certain elements necessary to his growth—dry matter, protein, carbo-hydrates, ether extract. This sounds dry to us, but it looked good to the steer. The steer himself, not a bad sort of chemist, knows that good things to eat will grow on fenced as well as unfenced land, on plowed as well as unplowed soil; and, having learned it, he will break through a fence to prove it. Civilization will grow more beef than savagery; which is a mighty important thing for you and me to know in view of the present dullness in the salary market.

The cotton gins of Texas leave behind the lint, the seeds, from which a meal is made, and this meal, mixed with cottonseed hulls and sorghum and molasses, makes an excellent breakfast-food for a young steer designed on all-beef and quick-maturity lines. To turn a nice sounding phrase, we may say that beef in Texas is now becoming a by-product of the cotton gin. In time, no doubt, the packers of Chicago will analyze the great American steer for by-products of calico and pure olive oil.

Naturally our round-up in this country where Sam Houston died and Deadshot Dick was born is tamer now than it was in the old, purely pastoral days. It is true our "pasture" may be 200,000 or 300,000 acres in extent, but it is all under wire, and the white-faced contents of its several compartments must not be handled too roughly. We are not anxious that our cow-punchers shall win the steer-tying contest at the county fair, for this high-priced beef is too expensive for them to practice on.

This Practical Workman isn't on Parade

We gather our young cattle, calves or yearlings, and push them quietly in toward the feeding-pens, near the cottonseed mills. The latter look like factories, and the pens themselves resemble stockyards. Both are handled with as much precision, even down to the last item of bookkeeping, as any factory or yard. Here we put our young cattle on a compounded ration mechanically delivered in troughs by mule cars. If the cattle do not thrive, if they go crazy or "mealy" on this new feed, we adjust our rations scientifically until they begin to get fat and sassy; and when they get just fat and sassy enough we send them northeast to the corn belt, where presently we shall meet them again.

Now, we are in the cow business on this modern ranch for the money there is in it. We have all the brains money can buy, and all the equipment capital can purchase. We have all the land we need and the best sort of steers man has been able to invent in forty years of effort. Are we making money? and if not, why not? asks the manager.

In the first place, what about the capital demanded by a Texas beef factory? The breeding herd, we will say, is made up of 15,000 cows, twos and past twos. Blooded sires are continually brought in at high cost. Uniformity of type must be secured. These cattle are bred on lands aggregating over a third of a million acres. Over these tracts water is distributed in tanks, by windmills, in one way or another; for the ranchman of to-day cannot have such high-priced cows running ten miles to water and back. And it requires capital to build a feed-mill and mixing-plant which will turn out a quarter million pounds of feed each day; and large capital is required for buying and raising cottonseed and sorghum. To get carbo-hydrates in sufficient quantity, much black-strap molasses is imported from Louisiana and east Texas, and that costs money when you come to fill an 80,000 gallon tank. These miniature pens and stockyards, all this feeding machinery, cost money, and some one has to pay for it. Changed conditions cost money at every turn. Thus our ranch has spent over $50,000 in killing off the grass-eating prairie dogs.

But, naturally will remark the observer of all these figures and factors, what is the sense in pleading poverty for the Texas cowman, when we have just seen the enormous enhancement in value of all his lands? He could get from Texas big blocks of land in fee, whereas in the North, of the United States Government, all he could do was to buy or steal a few paltry "homesteads."

Isn't the cowman getting rich out of his lands? Yes, very rich, enormously rich; but that has nothing to do with lowering the cost of raising beef. It takes, on most of the Northern ranges, say the Sioux reservation, thirty acres of land to run a cow. In Texas it requires at least twelve and a half acres. Any cowman will tell you that land at $1.50 an acre is as expensive as you can use for running cows that is the limit of cheap range. You can figure, say, that it takes seventy-five dollars worth of land to run a cow when land is worth five dollars an acre. So, instead of making money as a cowman, on advancing land, your cowman is losing money as a cowman, whatever he makes as a real-estate man.

In Texas, therefore, as on the Northern range, we may safely say that the rancher has, or presently will have, choice of three courses. He can go into a smaller game as a little fellow; or he can lose money as a big fellow; or he can go into feeding, in big or little, in hay or cottonseed, in scientific or unscientific ways. Now take our example of a scientifically-conducted ranch where modern changes and conditions are accepted, and here is about a fair estimate of profits to-day:

Investment:

350,000 acres at $4	$1,400,000
13,000 breeding cows at $20	260,000
2,000 heifers, 2 years $15 for renewals,	30,000
2,000 heifers, 1 year $10 for renewals,	20,000
800 bulls at $50	40,000
600 horses at $50	30,000
General farm and ranch equipment	20,000
	$1,800,000

Drop 10,000 calves, less 5% mortality, say, 4500 steer calves at $16, six mos. old	$72,000
4500 heifer calves at $13, six mos. old,	58,500
Maximum receipts	$130,500

(The sale of old cows is offset by figuring all the heifer stuff as sold.)

Ranch expense including wages, farming, taxes, prairie-dog killing, water distribution, etc.	$65,000	
5% mortality on 16,000 aged cattle at $20	16,000	81,000
Or net		$49,500

About 2¾% on $1,800,000 investment, according to our range-feeder's estimates.

(Continued on Page 85)

A Cattle Ranch in the Dakota Bad Lands

Sampson Rock of Wall Street

By EDWIN LEFÈVRE

A Naturally Handy Man, Yet an Inveterate Dreamer

XV

SAM and Darrell decided to "inspect" the Virginia Central first, without waiting to see what his father's Roanoke and Western was like. Sam had read the copy of Walter Williams' report on the Robinson road so carefully and had discussed it with Darrell so often on the way that he felt almost like a railroad expert. Darrell had spent his last hours in New York collecting data on the Austin County iron deposits and coal mines in general and on the Austin Iron Company in particular. Its shares were quoted in Richmond at from thirty-five to forty dollars a share—a "wide" quotation due to the stock's inactivity and its limited market. The capital stock was only $2,000,000, because the company had been organized in dull times when it was only necessary to inject about sixty per cent. of water, instead of an ocean, as during booms. A dividend—the first in several years—had been paid in January; it was only two per cent., but it had made the stock advance about ten dollars a share. The stock had sold as high as fifty dollars at the time of the incorporation, when the organizers wished to capitalize their hopes, and as low as eighteen dollars in the next panic, when fear did the appraising.

Sampson Rock had said that the acquisition of the Austin mineral lands at this time would tie up capital that he could use to greater profit in the stock-market end of the big deal. Whoever controlled the railroad had the mine-owners at his mercy, and Sam knew his father would not allow the owners' hopes of better transportation to warp their judgment as to the value of their properties to him. But Sam thought only that to double, to treble the capacity of the iron works and the mines, to produce two, three, five tons where but one was now produced, to create something that had not existed, something tangible, real, honest—*that* would be worth doing. Indeed, as he thought about it, in his comfortable chair in the Pullman—Darrell was reading the morning papers in the smoking compartment—there came to him the American vision of bigness: a Titanic structure, like an impressionistic picture of Pittsburg at night, a Niagara of molten iron and huge smoke spirals blackening the sky, vastness and speed and life—the strenuous life of sweating puddlers and grimy miners, the soldiers of toil, picturesque and inspiring, a great army fighting the modern battle of business. He could not see the outlines of it, but he did seem to hear the roar and rumble of it, and, thrilled by the sound, was made eager to begin. It was a species of excitement rather than exaltation which filled him. His fingers itched to grasp some lever that would start the stupendous machinery.

But a change came over the spirit of his dream as the Pullman was switched into Virginia Central territory. It was a new world, and he felt more like a tourist in Virginia than he had felt in Borneo. From the Pullman window he saw things kaleidoscopically. Impression succeeded impression before the process of mental crystallization could fairly begin. Analysis was impossible. Walter Williams' report on the Virginia Central had been his Baedeker; but now he saw living pictures in lieu of mileage figures and tonnage statistics and he could not identify the railroad of the report with the railroad over which he was traveling.

In the section which Sampson Rock already saw thickly settled, with a new population profusely sweating from its strenuous new activities, Sam beheld instead a land asleep, Rip Van Winkle counties, a territory that wore an air of comatose unkemptness. Even his freely self-admitted ignorance did not make his hopes soar. The long stretches of rusty single track looked absolutely unimprovable; the potential thrift and industry of the land were utterly invisible. He marveled at the wizard sight of his father—granting that Sampson Rock was not mistaken—which could translate the wheezing of the decrepit locomotive and the rattling of antiquated passenger-cars into fat dividends. The room for improvement was vast, but the profitableness of it, to him, who had never thought of profits, seemed akin to the money-making power of a summer lemonade-garden at the North Pole in January. Indeed, the talk of the ticker was easier to understand, and the abstractions of stock speculations seemed concrete and comprehensible beside this railroad and this country. On the sidings and way-stations the strings of empty cars suggested not freight to come, the exchange of transportation for the shippers' cash, but rather so many hearses—such was the death-stillness whenever the train stopped and the engine's asthmatic wheezing ceased. The sweating, grimy army of toilers became an occasional negro or a malarial-looking white native.

He turned to Darrell for the relief of honest confession and smiled as he told of his blindness. But Darrell answered seriously:

"It's natural enough, my boy. You look, but you don't yet know how to see. It's like looking at a picture and thinking it perfect until an artist friend begins to point out where the left arm is out of drawing, or the light is doing unnatural stunts, or something else is askew; or else the fine points you've overlooked in trying to see who it was that painted the picture and the date ——"

"I know; pass on to the fine points."

"Forget Broadway. This road is no blooming street-car line, but it ought to make money with half a show in the way of equipment and other improvements. This country with good transportation facilities will be like the Southwest after irrigation came. But it will take time and money. Study Williams' report some more. You'll have to take it for granted that beyond those hills there are hundreds of thousands of tons of freight to be had in the next few years. Making money is contagious. Prospectors flock to a new mining district on the first news of a strike, and the first thing you know thousands are there. Well, as soon as somebody picks up a dollar or two here we'll see the mob scratching like mad for carfare. When you hear of a manufacturing concern building a plant that will employ two thousand men, don't think of a few tons of machinery and a one-hundred-and-fifty by seventy-five brick shed. Just turn your intellect to the two thousand men and their wives and children, and the butcher shops, and the grocery stores, and the 'clothing emporiums,' and the carpenters and plumbers and their help and their wives and children, and ——"

"I know," interrupted Sam. Darrell was talking like a school-teacher to a child. It was the way his father spoke.

"You don't. You can't, because you don't know local conditions. I've seen Easterners turn pale while traveling over barren stretches out West and telegraph their Wall Street brokers to go short at once of Pacific and Northern, or St. James and Manitoba, because they couldn t see how the dividends the stocks were paying could be really and truly earned. The railroad presidents must be all liars. What did the travelers know of the lumber-camps and the wheat farms and the millions of tons of ore being dug up? Don't you worry about the Virginia Central. Your father knows his business. Let that fact seep through the lower strata of your dome of thought. If the Austin property is as represented—and we'll mighty soon find out when we go over it—the stock is cheap at fifty and the coal lands should not be expensive in their present undeveloped state; probably you can buy them for the price of the timber on them." He paused. "But, of course, always provided your father takes over this road and improves it."

"If he gets it he'll improve it; and he'll get it."

"Well, we'll bet on it, anyhow."

"It will be a big job," said Sam, impressed by the work once more.

"Sure, it's a big job. Aren't you looking for one, or do you sigh for cold feet?" retorted Darrell.

Sam did not answer. He was thinking of what one man might do to accomplish it, to work this miracle. It would take money—millions—and a master spirit to direct the work. It was beyond his powers now, for his ignorance was illimitable. He must take one step at a time. He would learn many things; his father would help him. One step at a time. The first was to buy the Austin Iron Company. After that, Robinson's stock. And Fanny . . .

They drove to the works in a rickety station-hack over streets of red mud. Again the unprosperous aspect of the country made it difficult to see the inspiringly rapid transformation Sam desired. Darrell translated Sam's silence and answered it as they entered the company's property:

"What did you expect? Marble palaces, open plumbing, hot and cold water and valet attendance free?" He took in the building and the furnaces, glancing everywhither, marking less the probable actualities than the possibilities. At length he turned to Sam and smiled cheerfully: "Brace up, kid, your father's a wonder and a half." Sam looked a question, and Darrell said: "This place was made for Sampson Rock, Junior. All you have to do is to make your dad give you good transportation and you put in some money and some brains—you can always hire *them*—and then sit back and let the dough pile up. But wait till we've made the acquaintance of the superintendent. He may be willing to talk."

"You can't be sure of the real value of the company yet," said Sam challengingly.

"No; but in two hours I'll know whether we are losing time or not. I'm no iron man. J. A. Darrell is not the boy I'd pick out for the proud job of main cheese here, but before I separate myself from six cents I'll know what I'm paying for. You can now go to sleep, my bonnie child."

"I'll stay up another hour, if you don't mind," said Sam. Thus far the strenuous work of making his own life useful, by enabling thousands of human beings to live at all, had not proved particularly exciting. Darrell thought the works should be bought at the prevailing market price. He wanted this property. To buy the stock at a fair price. . . . But if the holders did not wish to sell at a fair price? That was the problem that confronted his father with the purchase of the Virginia Central. He began to understand why Sampson Rock did certain things, but he would not assume that the owners of this iron property were dogs in the manger. He preferred instead to regard the works as the laboratory wherein this uninteresting landscape would be transmuted into gold—that is, into power—the power to do, the power to order others to do. The greatest laboratory he knew was in Wall Street:

"What Did You Expect? Marble Palaces, Open Plumbing?"

Sampson Rock, Senior, chief alchemist; Sampson Rock, Junior, only son of the chief alchemist. But the chief alchemist would not relinquish his laboratory to his only son; therefore, in the Austin Iron Company, the only son must begin his alchemy. . . .

They introduced themselves to the manager of the works, Mr. Fletcher, as Northern tourists, and sought permission to go over the plant, which they understood was the best in Virginia. They were intelligent and well-informed men who wore the clothes of well-to-do New Yorkers. The little manager thereupon became very cordial. The more well-to-do people who knew him and his great abilities the better it pleased him; for who could limit the vagaries of Fortune's lightning?

Fortune had been indeed kind to Sam, for Fletcher was one of those men whose tutelary deities are vanity and wealth. His hobby was Versatility, a legitimate enough offspring of the deities, for he regarded Versatility as the sign-patent of brains; and with brains and the fame thereof what couldn't a man do? He would put on overalls and repair an engine himself for the mere pleasure it gave him to be a Chesterfield even while greasy; and an hour later entertain American royalty at dinner, more courtly than any European king could be. Everywhere, in everything, thoroughly at home, and very decidedly looking it. He desired money ardently, but it was less for the money itself than for the conviction that it would enable him to do great things before the applauding audience that always attends the very rich. He was, indeed, what is called a naturally handy man, with a decided mechanical bent and very practical in most things; yet, an inveterate dreamer, incessantly stupefying himself with delectable visions as with the fumes of opium.

Darrell soon learned that he knew several of Fletcher's professional acquaintances and rose in the versatility-mad little manager's estimation. But Sam soared infinitely higher. Fletcher happened to speak of Mr. Beekman Stuyvesant 3d, of the famous New York family, as "young Stuyvesant," with an irrepressible air of bravado at leaving off the servile, money-worshiping "Mister." Sam remarked casually that "Beekie" was a well-meaning little chap. Mr. Fletcher acted as though he had social aspirations in the metropolis. He had been in New York several times and had stopped at the Waldorf twice. All Austin knew it.

Sam asked few questions, but he listened so attentively that the little manager spoke of his mines and furnaces very eloquently and of the Virginia Central most emphatically. That infernal tinpot railway alone had prevented him from making Austin the Pittsburg of the South and himself Andrew Carnegie II.

"This country is full of such things," commiserated Darrell, his eyes on the furnaces. "Everybody stacks up against a game calling for time, money and patience."

Fletcher laughed, with an undercurrent of seriousness to show, synchronously, his sense of humor and his modesty. He then decided to be epigrammatic, after having been a handicapped maker of Pittsburgs:

"Time flies; money passes us by, and, as for patience, it isn't in you when you are under thirty." He smiled. He was thirty-five; but these men did not know it; but they probably knew that Napoleon had done a great deal before he was thirty. Fletcher looked at Sam for certain encouragement and Sam smiled back. He was twenty-five, and he had no patience, and he wanted to outrace Time, and he would get the money. He said:

"But you pay dividends, don't you?"

"They paid nothing when I came, eighteen months ago, but last January we paid two per cent. If the company had only given me what I asked for, I'd have paid twenty per cent."

"You've done wonders, considering the old machinery and your handicaps in handling the raw material," said Darrell admiringly.

"I've told them that ——" began Fletcher, self-defensively.

"But after all," continued Darrell, "it would have been throwing away money here, so long as the railroad couldn't handle your stuff on a big scale."

"I'd make the railroad do better!" asserted Fletcher so determinedly that he looked like five feet four inches of omnipotence. There was really a suggestion of power in his look. It made Sam ask:

"All you need is capital to enlarge your plant?"

"That's all." Mr. Fletcher knew what Mr. Fletcher could do.

"Well, Mr. Fletcher," said Sam with quick decision, "if you can show me how you can make the money you need here pay twenty per cent. I'll back you for any amount you say." And he looked curiously at Fletcher, trying to determine whether the little manager's air of corked-up energy came from real power or from sheer emptiness.

"Iron is an uncertain thing, Sam," cautioned Darrell paternally.

"I can do it," said Fletcher defiantly. Of course, the twenty per cent. was a figure of speech. Figures do not lie.

"Who owns the controlling interest?" pursued Sam briskly.

Fletcher had more than once yearned for such a man to express such a desire—yearned for him and for it with an enthusiasm heated to incandescence in the forge of his imagination. Often he had succeeded in arousing enthusiasm almost as hot in people who had no capital—people who, unrebuked, regarded *him* as a capitalist! He had seen those greed-bitten listeners sigh regretfully that they did not own millions to place unreservedly in Mr. Fletcher's

A Vast Unutilized Possibility of Profit

wizard hands, for in building the model iron-plant of the South Mr. Fletcher had also created untold wealth for his friends and followers. It had been one of his pet hopes. After all, it was not very expensive to make a great fortune in dreams, which glittered infinitely more goldenly for being dream-built. He saw himself rich, powerful, admired—a captain of industry, a political dictator, a patron of the fine arts, an engineer, a social lion and an erotic poet. Rockefeller turned green, Beau Brummel double-locked his grave and Shakespeare sighed: "What's the use?"

"The control," said Fletcher in an impressively matter-of-fact way, "is not held by any one man, but is scattered. Half a million cash would get it." He preferred the contemptuous "half a million cash" to the less humble "five hundred thousand dollars." Sam looked so interested that the little manager added: "You get up your syndicate and I'll do the rest. We could do wonders here with money." He looked to see what effect the last plural would have on the young man.

"The last quotation of the stock I saw," said Sam musingly, "was thirty-five dollars a share. Even at forty dollars it would only be $400,000 for fifty-one per cent. of the stock."

It was evident the young man was not as ignorant as he looked. But Fletcher gave his surprise no time to grow into a suspicion. He said quickly: "It would be worth twice as much after we got the control and planned to increase the plant." He could see no harm in persistently pluralizing.

"It wouldn't improve your pig-iron any to stack it up and accumulate rust until the Virginia Central began to think of moving it year after next," said Darrell.

"That's all right," retorted Fletcher. "They wouldn't earn fixed charges if they didn't move freight that dropped from Heaven."

"Do you want to do business with us, Mr. Fletcher?" asked Sam abruptly.

"I'm not here for the benefit of my health alone," smiled Fletcher.

"Very well, if you can get me sixty per cent. of the stock of this company ——" Sam paused.

"I can get it."

"I'll pay half a million dollars for it." Sam said this so calmly that Fletcher's soul began to shake with the gold-ague.

"I can handle *my* end of this deal."—And Fletcher looked challengingly first at Sam, then at the less enthusiastic Darrell.

"My dear sir," laughed Sam, "anybody can raise money for a profitable undertaking. It's finding the opportunity that's not easy."

"You've found it right here."—And Fletcher nodded twice.

"You get an option on the stock and we'll take the stock from you at the price I named." Sam looked like a business man. It was his youth that made him try to look like one.

"Supposing we look over the plant more carefully and take a peep at the cost-sheets?" suggested Darrell.

Instantly Fletcher became sober. He had been femininely certain he could secure and sell fifty-five or sixty per cent. of the capital stock for the $500,000 at a handsome profit—certain because he had wished it. But, as a matter of fact, he was not sure he could buy even thirty per cent. Moreover, strangers did not go about flinging half millions right and left. If the young New Yorker thought he was investing his money at twenty per cent. interest, it would take some figuring to prove it. But it was easier to figure on prospective profits than on past returns. Who could deny that another million spent on this plant might not yield a yearly income almost as big as Fletcher had hastily promised? At all events, just now Fletcher stood to lose an hour or two and nothing more.

"I'll show you over the works, anyhow," he told them, with a tinge of reserve. They inspected the blast furnaces and later they drove to the iron mines. They also studied the maps of the coal lands and the limestone quarries. It really was as Sampson Rock had told Sam—a vast unutilized possibility of profit, an exceptional combination of money-making factors such as Nature sometimes throws in the way of captains of industry.

Darrell found occasion to say to Sam:

"If your father gets the Virginia Central he'll own this property as sure as fate. It wouldn't take much money to make it pay pretty well, and he'd make something on the railroad end of it, too."

"He'll get the Virginia Central—with my help. Do you think Fletcher is the man to get the stock for us?"

"Do you?" asked Darrell curiously.

"I think so. It will be to his interest; he knows everybody and he doesn't know what my father is doing. Is the property worth the price?"

"Yes, if the railroad gets a hustle on and is friendly. Of course, lots of machinery here is gravitating toward the scrap-heap, but they've got all the decent ore cinched. It's a special iron, and they ought to sell ten times more than they do. Personally, I think the iron boom is here to stay for a few years, and $500,000 a year profit is a big return on what you'll need to spend. Of course, Sam, I can't get it down fine by a glance of my eagle eye, but ——"

"Is half a million for sixty per cent. of the stock a fair bet?" interrupted Sam.

"Yes; to a man of your father's means. Tell Fletcher to get six months' options and you'll pay ten per cent. cash."

"Very well," said Sam. It was enough to know.

It was not until they were sitting in the manager's private office that Fletcher's hopes began to take on substance—that is, when Darrell began to ask questions too intelligent for ignorant tourists, or for impostors masquerading as capitalists. Why these men should so suddenly desire to buy this property was enough to arouse suspicions, and the doubts overcame the hopes enough to make Fletcher look coldly at the Westerner and say:

"That's all very well. Some of these questions I can't answer. I don't know you. Don't misunderstand me,"

(Continued on Page 17)

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GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

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Standing Pat a Lonesome Job

THE coming session of Congress is made increasingly interesting by the late elections. It must be an exceptionally sturdy stand-patter who can get encouragement out of them anywhere except in Pennsylvania; and even to the sturdiest, the vote in New York and New Jersey must be disquieting. We do not mean the tariff alone; but the whole sacred-cow attitude toward big business interests which was expressed on one side by the declaration that the tariff must not be touched. The election came in a season of great prosperity, when, therefore, the economic motive to let well enough alone was at its strongest; yet there is no doubt that a candidate in New York of the Uncle Joe Cannon school, who thought he could meet the questions of the hour by quoting statistics of bank clearings and harvester exports, would have been beaten. In the light of the returns, stand-pat looks rather lonesome. When Congress meets we expect to hear pointed inquiries as to what the Interstate Commerce Commission is doing about express and sleeping car rates; and somebody may say "Tariff" right under the Speaker's nose.

Growing Little Democrats

IF IT is hard for the rich man to get into Heaven, it is nothing like as hard as it is for him to bring up his children unspotted and unspoiled by his possessions. The children of the rich are frequently the most pitiable objects of luxury that our self-indulgent age has brought forth. What with servants and expensive toys, with improper food and exciting amusements, the child of ease who arrives at manhood or womanhood with an undistorted view of this life is a miracle. No matter how many indulgences and luxuries a man may consider proper for his own mature life, no sane person will deny that the simpler, more natural, the life of the child is, physically and morally, the greater will be his chances for success and happiness in any kind of world that he may grow up into. All that wealth can buy for a child is a certain amount of physical care and good food, a certain amount of education. It cannot buy real friends, or real interests, or sound appetites. Therefore, the best thing that a rich parent can do for his offspring in many cases is to banish him from his own house to some more Spartan habitat where the young can enjoy the primitive pleasures and hardships that make for health. To see a child sliding down the avenue in an automobile or shepherded to school and the theatre by governesses and tutors is enough to make the angels weep. The purest democracy rests in the heart of a little child. To keep that heart unsnobbish, unselfish, unsated will take more than millions.

That Wasteful Capitol

PERSONS who are in a position to know the facts say there was something like four millions of graft in the building of the new capitol of Pennsylvania. And of the remainder of the cost a considerable proportion was sheer waste. This is a rather weighty charge. Naturally it is made much of by those who preach that government enterprise is always and inherently vastly more wasteful than private enterprise, and who therefore regret that governments do not turn over their important undertakings to able business men.

It seems to us that these critics overlook the highly important point that this is just what the State of Pennsylvania did in the case in question. The political régime there was business from the ground up. The government was operated by and for "big business." Some of the ablest of our minor captains of industry were its mainsprings. Essentially the same tiptop financial capacity that fixed up the Pittsburg franchises and wrecked the Allegheny bank was in control of the construction of the capitol. There are no abler business men anywhere than some of those who have been dominant powers in the government of New York City; and there have been no more deplorable wastes anywhere than were committed under their rule. One might almost venture the flat assertion that, wherever a government has been riotously extravagant, investigation will show that it had been turned over to the control of big business men.

It is when the government is a private enterprise that it burns up money.

The Stage Fright of Money

RECENTLY a New Jersey judge, before hearing a suit against the tobacco trust, announced that he had caused the bank in which he is interested to sell its holdings of bonds of the defendant company. About the same time, Colonel Frank Lowden, getting himself elected to Congress from a rural district of Illinois, assured his audiences that he had disposed of his stock in the biscuit trust and several other flourishing corporations.

These are two straws out of many showing which way the wind blows, and how chilly it is. We would temper it to the lambs before they completely shear themselves. Many things have happened lately which, taken together, might excuse a wealthy man for feeling rather nervous when he steps before the public. But there is no good reason for stage fright. A man may be rich and a faithful servant, and we do not believe the public thinks otherwise. We do not expect to see a fashion which obliges a candidate to make affidavit that he has buried all his money in the back yard and planted thistles over the spot. It is still a good thing for the young man to desire a competence and to work for it. To put him in the way of thinking that he must hide it in the coal bin if he ever accepts a public trust will not help his ingenuousness any.

Laws that Make Trusts

SOME one should discuss, authoritatively, the question of how far the trusts are a direct product of our anti-trust laws. We believe the answer would shock and possibly enlighten the framers of those laws.

The courts have held that, under the Sherman act, all contracts in restraint of trade are illegal and criminal. Almost any imaginable agreement among dealers in a given line would be in restraint of trade. If it did not restrain trade at some point or other it would be useless. Under the law, however, manufacturers may no more agree to raise wages than to lower them. They must compete at every point. When they do compete at every point, the weaker begin going to the wall.

The only means of escape not banned by law is to form a trust—that is, to gather all the concerns into one huge corporation. Competition itself is notoriously one of the most effective weapons of the predatory trust. It undersells the small man in his own limited territory, and swallows him after he is so reduced as to make the cannibalistic process easy. It would be illegal for the Standard Oil Company to enter into an agreement with a small refiner which would permit the later to live. So it lawfully devours him. We have no doubt that our anti-trust laws, which prohibit every other form of agreement, have had a considerable part in bringing about the typical trust form of a New Jersey corporation that takes over ownership of all the plants.

Renewing the Plant by Watering

MR. HARRIMAN has recently explained that he looks askance at governmental rate regulation because railroads wear out, and they ought to earn enough so that they can renew themselves out of profits. This is a good thought, so far as it goes; but certain common financial practices dull its edge. For example, Mr. Harriman's Union Pacific pays ten per cent. dividends on at least sixty millions of stock that is pure water; and if one should look up the genesis of other issues in the mass of Union and Southern Pacific securities one would find other dividend and interest payments that might be saved for renewals without injustice.

The Steel Corporation, publishing its report for the last quarter, points out that in three months it has set aside from earnings for plant renewals, new construction, sinking funds and the like the sum of $19,879,354; and in nine months, $61,771,100. This includes $18,524,436 for the new steel city of Gary; and it is not improbable that the whole cost of that enterprise, estimated roughly at seventy-five million dollars, will be defrayed out of current earnings. This is laudably conservative, and correspondingly encouraging to trust stockholders—especially to the holders of the half-billion of common stock that is all water. But we cannot view it as particularly encouraging to the public which, finally, pays the high price for steel that make such enormous profits possible

The personal gain that Mr. Harriman and his associates have made, the last eight years, out of their control of transportation agencies probably exceeds a hundred million dollars. We shouldn't mind seeing some of that applied to renewals.

What the Street Thinks

"WALL STREET interests would not be directly involved in the election," says what is probably the most authoritative exponent of those interests, "were it not that Wall Street stands for the highest standard of moral and financial integrity." This is a rather awful thought to pass on to an innocent populace; but when one remembers the great part that "the Street" plays in fixing the conditions of living for the country, it is worth considering. According to the same exponent, the defeat of the Republican ticket in New York, excepting Hearst, is attributable to that party's having followed President Roosevelt into paths of demagogic radicalism, and it evidently believes that a vast population is eager to rally to a truly "safe and sane" banner. This is worth mentioning, in view of the large part that Wall Street still plays in determining the conditions of our industrial enterprises.

Too Happy to be Alarmed

THE way New York really went November 6 last was up and down Broadway and along Grand Street and other thoroughfares of the East Side. To the extent of some hundreds of thousands, it packed Herald Square and Park Row. It went, in the main, tooting horns, showering handsful of paper flakes and addressing remarks of a frivolously personal nature to utter strangers. An issue of much moment hung in the balance. The President himself had sounded a powerful warning. Many said the honor of a great State was at hazard.

An elderly gentleman of serious habit asks us why, in such an hour of all others, scores of nice young ladies quite unknown to him should tickle him under the chin with little feather dusters.

We have given the question careful consideration and are forced, regretfully, to suspect that if Hearst had been elected, or if Hughes' plurality had been three times as large, about ninety-five per cent. of the population would have gone on cheerfully, the next week, without the least feeling that anything had happened which had an intimate or personal significance to themselves. Observation leads us to think that the striking feature of the election—Hearst's being beaten, while the Hearst ticket was successful otherwise—was taken as a great joke by most persons. To conscientious publicists, earnestly striving to increase the sum of human happiness, one of the most discouraging things is that most people are too happy to pay attention.

The Cure for Motorphobia

MANY plain citizens on the road hate the automobile. There has never been a form of luxury—or any symbol of wealth—that the poor man has treated with such intolerance as the red and yellow devils. Undoubtedly the getaway power that the new engine confers upon its occupant is partly the cause for this feeling. In the old days when the rich man's carriage ran down the street boy, the policeman on the block or the passersby could lay hands on the culprit and hale him to justice. But the brutal and irresponsible owner or chauffeur can throw on the power and callously leave his killed and wounded behind him. Part of that instinctive hate which the humble wayfarer feels when a great touring-car goes whizzing past him on the road covering him with a blinding dust and filling his nostrils with an unholy stench, is merely due to discomfort. Then there is something in the very look of a fat-bellied, padded, sixty horse-power car, with its big snout, that suggests swelling power, indifferent to the rights and comfort of others. Moreover, the motor has called forth special clothes and other evidences of what the economists call "conspicuous waste," always irritating to the non-waster. These privileged men and women, wrapped and veiled and goggled, mark themselves out from the common herd.

The people are trying to strike at the object of their aversion by legislative acts and ordinances limiting speed. The enthusiastic motorists strike back with "influence," of course. Are they not taxpayers, too, or at least tax-dodgers?

The only way out seems to be more motors. When every citizen who in the old days could buy a "bike" can lay hands on some sort of self-propelling vehicle, the hatred in his breast for the arrogant motorist will suddenly vanish. He will discover that motoring has its redeeming features, and that it is within the bounds of possibility to drive a big car and be the possessor of quite as much courtesy and consideration as the wayside pedestrian

PUPPY LOVE

An Adventure in Osculation

By EDWIN L. SABIN

Oh, sheepish shame! Oh, valiant I!
What funny feels I feel!
But ah, 'twas wondrous bold and sly
(Meseems) that kiss to steal.

'TWAS Master Harold, whistling blithely, with his prep. cap studiedly on the back of his head and hands deep in the pockets of lavishly turned-up trousers, strolling down the street, all in the fresh morning, ostensibly purposeless, ready to deny but with a sneaking notion as to where he was going to arrive eventually. However, behold: here his goal was meeting him half-way! Suddenly he saw, approaching by a cross street, Somebody. Aha! that altered matters. His heart gave a flop, for it was an uncertain heart, contrary, suspicious, sensitive, awkward: the heart of hobbledehoydom, aping hearts mannish, yet skittish and unused to mannish ways. Thus seeing his goal, unexpectedly, Harold decided that he would show his independence of it and evade it. Then he decided that he would show more independence by accepting the opportunity and throwing it away by passing right on. But his pace somehow timed itself so precisely that with an easy assumption of accident he was enabled to intercept, on the corner, a wide white hat and a pair of arched brows – and he stopped.

"Good-morning," he bade, with his best manner, lifting his prep. cap and dropping it again in approved prep. style.

"Good-morning," responded Miss Beulah pleasantly, looking upon him with wide violet eyes. She halted, half-hesitantly, half-inquiringly.

Harold fidgeted sillily; grinned vacuously.

"Well -how are you this morning?" He asked it in what he meant to be a tone tender and meaning; but rather, he blurted.

"Why, all right. Why?"

The arched brows arched a little more, and the violet eyes beneath encouraged their polite wonderment.

"After last night, I mean," he blundered.

"Last night? What about last night? It wasn't late, was it? Only ten o'clock."

Humph! This was a nice way to treat a fellow! Following that beautiful, entrancing, confidential time in the hammock—the most marvelous time that a fellow ever possibly had with a girl like her—when they had sat close together (in a brotherly and sisterly way, of course) and he had actually held her hand without her knowing it; and, following, that succeeding night of dreaming—a confused, delirious dreaming—and of his one hand ecstatically squeezing his other all through sleep, he had anticipated, as he had a right to, a blushing, understanding, reminiscent sort of reunion this morning. And now ——

"Well, if you've forgotten ——" he accused huffily.

"Forgotten what? What was there to forget—or to remember particularly, either? Dear me! What *are* you talking about?" she demanded, with a fleeting frown of annoyance. "Good-by."

"Where are you going?" he appealed, consternated, as she was tripping on.

"To Aunty Peabody's, at the end of the street," she replied, without slackening.

"Can't I come, too?"

He spoke desperately.

"Why, yes; if you want to," over her shoulder, with scant inspiration for him.

He swallowed his pride, and obstinately hurried after, falling into step by her side.

"I dreamed of you last night," he informed her—and she could take him either as bantering or speaking significantly, as she chose. He flattered himself that he could proceed to give her a Roland for her Oliver.

"Did you?" she remarked, wholly uninterested. "I didn't dream a thing."

"Humph!"

"Where were you going when you met me?" she inquired.

"Oh, just downtown. Why?"

"Because if you were going any place especial, I mustn't interrupt you, you know."

"I can turn back, then, I suppose," he averred sourly.

"Well, if you think you'd better." She was cheerfulness itself.

"I'd like to walk with you, though," he proffered plaintively.

"But I don't need an escort just to Aunty Peabody's – and you saw me only last night, didn't you?"

Now he was very much on his dignity. He would test her; if she really wanted to be rid of him she should see how quickly he would go. She could bet on that—darn her! No girl was to tell *him* a thing more than once. No, sir!

"All right," he snapped, stopping short. "Good-by."

But if he had counted, foolishly, upon shocking her to her senses, or appalling her, he had been in error.

"Oh! Good-by, then," she called back sweetly, tripping on.

Evidently she was all unaffected; and, with his prep cap now pulled down over his wrathful eyes, he strode indignantly away in the opposite direction, riding hard his high horse.

Humph! So much for Girl! Farewell to Girl! Never again would he unbend to one. No more. No. Bah! What was Girl but an aggravation, an incumbrance, a superfluity? Very well. Miss Beulah would not find him hanging about her, effeminizing himself, again. D-darn her! And the fond fancy that she might be sorry and sorry in vain gave him vengeful satisfaction.

So, with mind altogether tumultuous—seething, ebbing, flowing—he moodily plumped down beneath an elm upon the river bank, there to brood, reflect and regain self-respect. About the same moment another young person emerged from the Peabody gate—a gate through which she, dimply with mischief, but inwardly a little frightened over results, had passed fifteen minutes previously—to retrace her route. Now she was expectant, finally disappointed in not having been accosted.

The air was waxing humid, lifeless, heavier. The sun blazed down from above and the earth simmered below. With the town exhausted and stewing behind him, and the crickets piping elfin glee around about him, underneath his elm Harold lay sprawled, reviewing and planning and maltreating twigs. His prep. cap was still over his eyes.

Humph! He was done with Girl. She occupied an inferior plane.

Far up the river, which stretched glassy and oppressed, a thick, black cloud had poked its crown into the June blue, and was mumbling ominously. With browbeat and bluster swiftly it swelled and towered, as if, on a gigantic scale, and somewhat prematurely, it were one of those Fourth of July serpents which, at the touch of the punk, evolve out of seemingly nothing.

"Humph!"

The birds were twittering apprehensively, the swallows skimmed low over the stream, the leaves hung limp, relaxed now that rescue was nigh. Disdainfully sprawled, Harold waited and "Humph-ed," and from beneath the visor of his prep. cap sullenly watched the cloud.

The storm-monster drew on. With a rumble of triumph it swallowed the sun. Harold felt its breath, cold, menacing. The earth was strangely silent, paralyzed by the portentous happenings. Influenced against his will, Harold grumpily arose, and with his prep. cap remaining at its relentless angle, retook once more the short path to civilization and society. The street that he selected led past the Emersons' place, but he held defiantly on. What did *he* care?

Miss Beulah, attired anew in a blue-checked gown and a frilled white apron, as it remarkably chanced, was standing upon the small front porch of the cottage, gazing with anxious pose at the afflicted firmament. Upon Harold's approach her face lightened.

"Oh, Harold! Come in, won't you, please?" she cried eagerly. "Helen and grandpa are both out, and I'm all alone in the house. And a thunderstorm frightens me absolutely stiff!"

Of course, he had been going right past, but his chivalry responded to her appeal. However, he was not so easily to be mollified.

"What are you afraid of, in a thunderstorm! That's just like a girl!" he reproved ungallantly, straightening his prep. cap and permitting himself to enter the gate.

"But —— oo-ee!"

The storm-monster uttered a resounding bellow, as if the sun was disagreeing with it, and Miss Beulah held her fingers in her ears.

"Wasn't that terrible?" she protested, looking at Harold, an awed frown betwixt her arched brows, her violet eyes deeper in hue.

"But the thunder doesn't hurt anybody," he scoffed, with masculine superiority, as the fingers came cautiously out again. "And, if the lightning did strike you, 'twould all be over with before you could say 'Ouch!'"

"But the Thunder Doesn't Hurt Anybody," He Scoffed, with Masculine Superiority

"But unless I say 'Ouch!' how do I know that it hasn't struck me?" she retorted.

Abruptly the monster vented another ferocious blare. Riding the gale, down from the north charged the rain, lashing along the river and rattling across the land. All animate and movable creation rushed for cover; the monster bolted at a gulp the remainder of the sky, and the world was dark.

"You shut up downstairs and I'll shut down upstairs," bade Beulah excitedly, as she and Harold dashed within.

Doors slammed, windows banged, and, with consciousness of work well done, the two met again in the dining-room.

"Do you think it's going to blow?" gasped Beulah, breathless.

"It's blowing now," asserted Harold.

"Is it? Then would you mind opening the cellar-door?" she asked. "I know I'd be afraid to go down there in the dark, but to have the door open is comforting. Thank you."

"Oh, pshaw! There won't be any cyclone," scoffed Harold.

"Well—the unexpected is what happens, so I try to expect, you see," she explained, harkening with uncertain, wide eyes to the turmoil without.

The cottage shivered in the gusts, as the storm-monster, having devoured the day, ravaged back and forth in a tyrannical rage. The lightning blazed, resounded a tremendous clap, Miss Beulah blanched and with a wee shriek, fled. Harold, indolently following, discovered her with her head buried beneath the couch-pillows in the sitting-room.

The spectacle annoyed him. He did not know exactly what to do, but such companionship was far from satisfactory. He diffidently would remove the uppermost stratum of pillow. His effort was unsuccessful, and only provoked a small earthquake, emanating from the depths. Therefore he tugged, and disclosed a pink ear.

With a rebellious jerk Beulah's flushed face appeared, and she sat up and listened.

"Go away!" she commanded, preparing to burrow again.

"No!" declared Harold stoutly. "Please let me ——"

"Br-r-r-r-r boom!" roared the thunder.

His audience evinced an inclination to dive for shelter, but, by firmly clutching the largest pillow, he interfered.

"Please let me show you," he resumed hurriedly, in the lull. "That's not the way to do. You'll never get over being afraid. But ——"

"Brr-rr-rrrrrrrrr! Boom!"

"Um-m-m-m-m!" shuddered Beulah, pressing her hands to her ears.

Harold patiently waited until she would hear him.

"But if you'll sit through it only once, then the next time you won't mind," he urged.

"Um-m-m-um!" denied Beulah, shaking her head decidedly, her violet eyes startled at the thought.

"Try it, anyway," pleaded Harold. "Please do. Let me show you."

He was much in earnest, foreseeing an opportunity to demonstrate his supreme experience, and objecting, moreover, to that embarrassing predilection for the couch-pillows.

"Boom! Br-rr-rr-rrrrrr boom!" menaced the thunder.

"Away from the pillows," stipulated Harold, instructor.

"Must I?" she faltered, suffering him to pilot her to an armchair apart from her refuge.

"I'm here to protect you," he reminded, at the touch of her sentiment swelling within him like yeast. "Pretend I'm your brother—again. I was your brother last night—you know."

"Were you?" she answered doubtfully. She continued—and not at all flattering: "I'd rather have a cat. I read once that a cat was a good lightning conductor, and that, if you would hold one in your lap during a thunderstorm, you couldn't be struck. Or perhaps it was the other way," she added.

Harold posted himself, in an unostentatious manner, upon the arm of the chair; the pose being constrained, but the proximity being delicious beyond all expostulation by cramped muscles. Having once settled, he dared not shift, ever so little, lest he attract attention. He perched and endured in heroic bliss.

The lightning flared white.

"Br-r-r-r-r boom! Br-r-r boom!" rolled the thunder.

"No! No hands to ears!" corrected Harold.

He ventured to enforce his order by gently removing the hands and returning them to their owner's lap, and there jocularly, but daringly, weighting them down with one of his—his right. His left arm extended along the top of the chair-back, as a balance. Midway, her hair touched his sleeve, and seemed to pass right through, like electricity, and prickle the skin. The sensation was exquisite.

"You see, if I'm a brother, you must let me boss once in a while," he warned apologetically in her ear.

She emitted a resigned little sigh.

The rain came in rapid gusts, the lightning was an incessant glare, and the thunder never was silent; but, to Harold, gust and glare and peal were all too infrequent, for at each something warm and soft tightened about his fingers in a grand, tiny squeeze, rapturing above expression. He thrilled as he had thrilled in the hammock. History was at last repeating itself.

"Do you mind if I—if I do—*that* to your hand every time it thunders?" inquired Beulah, staring straight ahead, with parted lips, on the *qui vive* for the next shock.

"Of course not!" assured Harold bluffly. "I'm your brother, you know."

"I must hang on to some place," she explained.

"That's all right," he commended. "You're doing bravely."

"I'm not hurting you?" she queried anxiously.

"No, no!" he protested in alarm. "You can't hurt a baseball hand! You haven't any grip at all. Go ahead and hang on. Why, I don't even feel you!"

"If I hurt you must tell me," she bade. "Oooooooo!" she shuddered, at an outburst ensuing upon the brief, comparative calm.

"Occasionally I'm useful, then," alleged Harold boldly.

"Yes. Why?"

"If not as a—a regular escort in the morning, perhaps as a brotherly protector in the afternoon," he suggested.

"Perhaps," she assented, her near cheek dimpling. "I didn't say you couldn't escort me, did I?"

"N-no; but you kind of fired me, just the same. You didn't act as if you wanted me," he complained.

"Ooooo! Mercy!" she exclaimed, as an especially vivid blaze was followed closely by a terrific crash.

To restrain her hands, momentarily impatient, from her ears, Harold deemed that he might hazard increasing the pressure of his confining palm.

"You didn't, did you?" he complained again

"I didn't what?" she murmured.

"What I was saying."

"Maybe."

"Maybe you didn't, you mean."

"Well, maybe I didn't what you say, then."

"N-no," mused Harold. "Did is right, after all. You did what I said—what I was saying."

"Of course. That's what I meant," she concurred. "I did, like as not."

"That is, you didn't," he reproached, with tone injured.

"But if I did, how could I didn't?" she murmured dreamily.

He strove to reason this out, and elucidate, but again all his consciousness seemed centred in one hand.

Beulah determinedly aroused herself.

"Are *you* afraid, too?" she interrogated briskly.

"I? No, I should say not!" repudiated Harold with scorn.

"I asked, because *you're* hanging on as bad as I," she mentioned demurely.

"Oh!" acknowledged Harold, taken aback, loosening his happy clasp.

"Look at it rain!" she exclaimed.

"Doesn't it!" he agreed. "Sheets of it."

"Ooooo! Ooooooooooo!" she gasped, with a start, at a fresh paroxysm of the elements.

When she leaned back again she was closer to him, he believed. It impressed him that she was nestling under his shield. He held himself very stiff and still, that she might not perceive herself noted.

"You don't suppose that Helen was caught out, do you?" she said.

"No. She'd stop in some place," he professed.

"Oh, it's slackening!" she cried. "Isn't it?"

"N-no, I don't think so," he declared hopefully.

"But it is, though!" she insisted with disappointing joy. "See?"

And it was. 'Twas useless for him to deny, and he grudgingly accepted the inevitable. The thunder had dwindled to a low and distant grumble. The world without was brighter. As suddenly as it had come, the rain went, leaving behind only a few straggling drops.

"Please may I get up now?" inquired Beulah in mock humility, tilting her head to raise her eyes to his.

Harold, gazing down, endeavored to concentrate upon her question. But it was a disconcerting moment. Her eyes were so deep and amethyst-y, and her nose was so straight and white, and her cheeks were so smooth and pink, and her lips were so plump and dewy. The lips were just parted, and between them was a glimpse of milk-kernel teeth.

The nearer her face was, the more bewildering everything in it seemed to be.

"May I, sir?" she repeated, dimples appearing and disappearing and reappearing in the most kaleidoscopic fashion.

He heard her voice, but the words did not penetrate beyond his ears. He moistened his own lips; he was going to do something, and the ordainment dazed him. It was such a tremendous ordainment, yet irrevocable.

"W-well," he stammered.

The face, and the wondrous component parts thereof, were drawing still nearer—or was it his face in gradual descent?

"W-well," he stammered, playing for time.

The interval might have been a long, long age of trepidity—but it wasn't. 'Twas two seconds, punctuated by a dab.

He had done it! He had succeeded! Then he quailed.

With a horrified little ejaculation Beulah sprang from the chair and in a measure from his protecting presence. She eyed him severely.

"That," she pronounced, "was not the brotherly kind!"

She scrubbed her mouth with her handkerchief; after which she suspiciously glanced at the linen, as if anticipating a stain.

"I thought it was," alleged Harold faintly.

"It was *not!*" she rebuked. "It—it didn't have that feeling."

"I don't see how you know," he retorted desperately

"It's a girl's sixth sense to know such things," she vouchsafed, withering him.

She continued to eye him thus severely for a minute.

"Aren't you ashamed of yourself!" she scolded.

He was. He also was frightened. What was to be the outcome? What had he committed! He essayed a grin, but it was a dismal failure. He would have liked to brazen his way out, but his eyes sank beneath her steady gaze and he could only examine his bulldog shoe. Leaving him sitting, dejectedly swinging his foot, on the arm of the chair, his accuser turned and proceeded to rearrange the couch-pillows. Glumly repentant, Harold now and then darted a glance at her; but he could not see her face.

A step sounded upon the front porch, shoes were vigorously scoured upon the front mat, and in through the front door and out from the hall hastened Helen, the young lady's sister. She arrived opportunely.

"There!" she panted gayly.

"Did you get wet?" asked Beulah.

"Not a bit. And I hope that grandfather didn't—but I'm sure he was safe."

"I made Harold stop in and stay until the thunder and lightning was over with," informed Beulah calmly.

"But why have you got the cellar door open, child?" queried the elder, looking curiously from one to the other.

"To put him down if you hadn't come," announced Miss Beulah promptly, shutting it.

"Was he so troublesome?"

Harold quaked. Was he to be exposed, and would they ignominiously thrust him forth?

"He was very, very naughty," declared Beulah firmly.

But she slanted a smile at him, over her shoulder; and lo, as if awaiting, the sun shone out. He accepted the token as a sign of reprieve, and grinning, blushed.

The Night Shift at Our Schools

By I. K. FRIEDMAN

AMONG the night pupils at the Medill School, at Throop and Fourteenth Streets, let us choose the representative of a type and follow him to save ourselves from being overwhelmed from the confusion that comes from the attempt to follow unwieldy numbers. There is, for instance, our Hungarian friend, Paul Lanczys.

Paul is a cabinet-maker. He learned about one-half of his trade in the old country and the other half of it here. It was long after six when he quit his work for the day, removed his apron and hastened, against the protest of a healthy and hungry stomach, to school. Hunger, like misery, may like company, and it may, therefore, have been more or less of satisfaction to Paul to reflect that most of his evening schoolmates, at one time and another, have trotted off to their classes with stomachs far emptier than their heads. Some of them, so far was their place of work from their school, were obliged to make a regular practice of the art of getting along without supper.

Usually, though, Paul managed to secure a section of his third meal, but to-night he had worked overtime, for one thing, and, for another, had promised to call for Marie Kalal and Sophie Bielek and escort them to school. Both of these young women—who are as typical in their way quite as Paul in his—work in the same factory where Paul finds employment, Marie in the office, Sophie in the stockroom. Advancement in the shape of bookkeeping lured the one girl to night school, stenography the other. Paul knew very well that for either of these two ambitious girls to miss an evening of school meant far more than for him to do without supper, and so he determined to keep his word, at all events.

"There's Something Doing Over There"

But what worried Paul more than the loss of his supper was the thought that, if he kept his promise, it would be at the cost of a nickel for carfare; for on Paul depended the support of an entire family, and besides, he was helping to bring over to America a brother or two who had been left behind in the old country. Every penny had a certain definite value in Paul's eyes, and it was the spirit of self-sacrifice rather than stinginess that forced him to pay reverence to a five-cent piece.

It was a quarter to eight when Paul and the two girls slipped past the fat policeman who sat at the head of the stairs, not for the purpose of keeping order inside the school—rowdyism is practically unknown there—but to protect the school and its students from the vicious and the criminal, who have no desire to learn themselves and who are

Editor's Note—This is the second of two papers by I. K. Friedman on the Chicago Night Schools.

"My Dad Makes Me"

determined that others shall not learn. Marie moved straight to her class in bookkeeping. Sophie opened a door from behind which was heard the steady click-clack of typewriters. She toiled along with the mysteries of stenography as best she could, for she had not as yet been able to save $2.50 from her scant wages to buy one of the expensive textbooks; and she was too proud—falsely so if you will—to borrow the one supplied by the school, and progress without its assistance was slow and difficult. Paul walked to the top floor and joined his classmates, already doubled over their boards and absorbed in their mechanical drawings. Perhaps some thirty men of distinct nationalities, of ages that ran from eighteen to fifty, were represented in the class. All of them were occupied in the day at the one trade or another, at wood-working or carving, as clerks, ironworkers, factory hands, and one or two of them as assistants in architects' offices. Here they came with the common hope that they might increase both their efficiency and their wages.

The workman who can interpret a mechanical drawing has a good market value, but not everybody who runs can read; it is an art acquired only by diligence, practice and study. And therefore Paul, fatigued though he was by his eight hours of toiling in the shop, impeded though he was by his lack of understanding in the English tongue, was leaving naught undone to solve all the mysteries of the most complicated blue-prints.

The foreman of Paul's shop, like the foremen of most shops, held his fat job free from the competition of his underlings by keeping his knowledge of the blue-prints to himself and refusing to impart that knowledge to his men. Paul, thinking of this, could not refrain from smiling to himself as he pictured the foreman's chagrin and surprise when his underling should triumph.

At the Medill School a visitor, who made it his business to find out first and draw conclusions afterward, asked boy after boy what had induced him to come to evening school, and the answers varied from "I don't know" to "My dad makes me"—until some wideawake, truthful youth shouted, "I came because you can't take manual training unless you take class studies," and then the cry went up: "Manual Training! Manual Training!"

If, after the hour of study is over, one follows the boys down to the large manual-training school in the basement, one will understand at once the answer, and one may agree that a boy is often as good a judge as his elders of what is good for him.

What a difference it makes when pen and pencil are dropped for chisel and mallet! How eager, alert and interested they are now! They are gratifying their instinct for play and recreation instead of stifling it as they did upstairs. For a boy is not only a destructive but he is also a constructive animal, and he becomes dull and blunted if he finds not an outlet for his instincts.

Nor is the practical value of the sewing-room to the girls a whit behind that of the manual training for the boys. It makes its appeal and proves its worth for the same reasons and by the same reasoning. Step inside of the long, wide, cheerful room, athrob with the hum of whirring machines, and any midwinter night you will find the girls at work putting together their dresses for the coming summer.

And what the saving on their summer apparel means to these little seamstresses one can grasp on learning that most of the girls earn but $2.50 a week in the factories of the district and work ten hours daily to achieve that astonishing feat in finance! The attractiveness of the class needs no further comment than that those to whom it makes its appeal will walk miles to avail themselves of the privileges of instruction (carfare is a forbidden extravagance) and then return home on foot. Thus midnight becomes the retiring hour for little mites of girls whose hour for rising still remains fixed at five. The mystery is: Whence comes the vitality that allows them to survive and tell about it so cheerfully afterward?

A principal of one of our evening schools received several notes during the same week from various women in the neighborhood of his school, all of them asking if the time set for the opening of the school might not be made an hour later. He was at a loss to know what reason inspired the odd request, but on inquiry he found out that any number of Swedish maids in the district were insisting that dinner be served promptly at six in order to make it possible for them to be in their classrooms of the evening school by 7:30. It was, one perceives, simply another case where the higher education of women has interfered with the home and home life.

Now, one might assume that the Washington School, which occupies its corner of Morgan and Erie Streets, in the great northwest side, was the recipient of these complaints, were it not for the fact that Swedish maidens in that district are far more abundant than women wealthy enough to transform them into maids. For the Washington School stands in the Scandinavian settlement, and there are rooms in it that are quite as Swedish as anything the public schools of Stockholm itself has to offer.

Here, as elsewhere, the battle is for the command over the English speech, only it would appear to be colored by

Called His Brother to His Aid by a Series of Signals

a strong ambition to be able to read the American daily newspapers. This peculiar ambition is gratified by a course in newspaper reading, and it was while this class was in progress that, when an inquisitive visitor asked a pupil why he wished to learn how to read newspapers, the answer came: "Because I vants to read the yelp-ads. for a yob."

The Swedes, however, are by no means the only foreigners in the district. Milwaukee Avenue cuts transversely through the district from end to end, like the hypotenuse of a right-angle triangle, and the sum of the foreigners on it is easily equal to the sum of the foreigners on the other two sides. On this avenue there are Greeks, Russians, Poles, Hungarians, Lithuanians, Bohemians, Italians—in short, the whole globe would seem to be drawn out into a straight line.

It is by no means impossible to see a Russian or Italian father or grandfather accompanied to school by a daughter or a granddaughter, who will bend her energies toward assisting her elder in the language that she has acquired first. The striking incident is related of the gray-bearded German of seventy, whom toil and the hard struggle for existence had denied all chances of an education. Finally, in this advanced old age, leisure came to give him the opportunity offered by the evening schools. His years considered, the old man acquired knowledge with an astonishing facility, but evenings of dullness and sleepiness came when it was difficult for him to grasp the simplest of propositions.

One night, when the oldster was particularly discouraged over the solution of a problem, he disturbed some papers inside the desk. These fluttered to the floor and, stooping to pick them up, the old man observed that on one of them was worked out the whole solution for his vexatious problem. His delight gave way to surprise, then to a feeling akin to discomfort when he noticed the name of his grandson, who occupied this same desk during the daytime, scribbled in the upper right-hand corner of the manuscript.

But father and son, grandson and granddaughter are not the only relationships that the evening schools embrace. In one of the elementary rooms sat Albert and Lucy—the only names by which they were known in their class—and they attracted not the slightest attention from anybody. They were used to this sort of neglect and they liked it, for they were quite sufficient unto each other. Their minds, like their heads, were always together, for each had a difficulty and each had need of the other.

Lucy had deferred the study of arithmetic until the present, when she had attained the age of thirty, and it was therefore too late to have the knowledge of it come by nature. It was a stumbling-block to her, but Albert assisted her to surmount it with a patience and a tranquillity that were marvelous to a man who has been buffeted about the world for forty-odd years. Miss Williams, the teacher, who could have posed for Patience on a Monument, would have felt uncomfortable on the pedestal in front of Albert, far more deserving of that honor than herself. Be as absorbed as they might in their own selfish interests, the other scholars in the room would have been lacking in the qualities that make men and women human if they hadn't observed the attention that Albert paid to Lucy and Lucy to Albert. On this particular night, for example, little Miss Vilna Laózlo, who was a trifle frivolous and inclined to mischief, whispered to her neighbor, Julius Zichy:

"There's something doing over there."

"Over-a-where?" he asked, turning around.

"Over there," she repeated, pointing to Lucy and Albert.

"Mucha too old," he muttered deprecatingly, with infinite scorn of her mere woman's judgment.

"Men have no eyes; they never see," Vilna remarked, after a moment, and she intended to go on and extract the victor's advantage from her triumph when she happened to look up and behold Miss Williams, the teacher, at her elbow.

"Silly child," laughed Miss Williams; "I was under the impression that all my pupils knew that Albert and Lucy were man and wife."

The Wasserman family was also a member of Miss Williams' room. One may say "a member" advisedly, because the family was strictly a unit, however much it may have seemed at times that this unit was going to split into the component parts of which it was composed. This unit was composed of fifteen individuals, and it would be rather unfair to say that the room held it, when it held the room—at least it held the balance of power, composing as it did the larger part of a membership of twenty-nine.

The room was their property legally and rightfully, since they captured it by settlement, by squatter sovereignty, and not by the strong and devastating hand of might. Mrs. Wasserman herself started the process. She was what the neighborhood on Milwaukee Avenue called a "widow lady," and, since she was dependent on

Then to a Feeling Akin to Discomfort When He Noticed the Name of His Grandson

her own efforts as a milliner for a livelihood, she determined, very soon after opening her shop, that a little English would be a good thing for business.

The evening school and its free tuition attracted her, and, once attracted, she could no more miss its opportunities than the moth could miss the candle. No one was more surprised than herself at the rapidity with which she learned English. She was modest and wise enough to accredit her advance to the school and its methods rather than any genius of her own in the acquiring of languages.

She complimented the teacher frequently, and to prove that she was not a mere flatterer she forced to come with her to school her two boys, whose ages were respectively fifteen and seventeen. The boys were of the mind that they could spend their time to better advantage after a hard day's work, and, quite unlike their mother, they firmly believed they were altogether too old to learn. But their objection was of little avail, for, once in school and under their mother's hawklike supervision, they were obliged to learn whether they wanted to or not.

The boys were no more than fairly started when Mrs. Wasserman came to school with three of her bright-eyed daughters. It was her theory that, in the matter of education at least, what was good for the boys couldn't be bad for the girls.

The three little girls, who were much the younger, fairly shamed the boys into putting forth their best effort, and the spirit of family rivalry made even the girls do a little better than they might have done if that incentive had been missing. Besides, the mother was right there on the premises, and she needed no monthly report to learn what her boys and girls were doing.

Several times the fifteen-year-old Wasserman tried to prevail on the seventeen-year-old Wasserman to play hookey, but the older lad was too experienced and wise. It was all well enough to play truant when you were supposed to attend school and you knew your mother was at home, but it was quite a different matter when your mother was a member of your class.

Samuel, who was the older, arose in his seat one night to excuse his mother's absence on the ground of sickness, which is one of those comparatively few cases on record where a child has been known to account for the absence of its parent from school. Later, when the teacher asked Samuel what had become of his brother Aaron that evening, he answered that Aaron had stayed home to care for his mother—a statement that at once brought forward a series of protesting "U-uuuhs" from the three little sisters. Mrs. Wasserman appeared the next evening and remarked grimly that she would remain at home Saturday evening to repay Aaron's sacrifice and do as much for him as he claimed through his brother he had done for her.

On Monday, when Sammy put in an appearance in school, looking rather more solemn than usual, he was surprised to find his cousin Simon Schwarz, whom he detested, seated across the aisle from him. He called his brother to his aid, by a series of signals, and the two of them decided to stick pins in Simon's calves, when a sharp box on the ears from their mother's hand set them to figuring other dimensions than those of Simon's legs.

Simon Schwarz, who was not exactly a fool, soon saw that he was no match for the Wassermans, and he made up his mind that, unless he wished to be pricked to pieces, he must come protected with allies. By dint of persistency, he induced two of his brothers and one of his sisters to attend class with him. He didn't see why the Wassermans should monopolize all the knowledge any more than all the pins.

This made four Schwarzes to six Wassermans, and the head of the house, inspired, perhaps, by the fear that her authority was in danger of being overthrown, did all in her power to convince her younger brother to come to school and bring his betrothed.

But the Wasserman balance was no sooner restored than the Schwarzes disturbed it again by seating two more members of their family, which brought the number of the Schwarzes up to six and gave the Wassermans a majority of two.

Mrs. Wasserman saw her cherished authority slip out of her hands, and was about to resign herself to her sad fate when, quite unexpectedly, her sister arrived from the old country, and she persuaded her easily enough that in America the first thing one does is to get a place to live and the second thing one does is to find a school to which to go. All else, including a husband, will take care of itself.

When the term of the night school drew toward a close, the teacher received an invitation in blue and gold, enwreathed with lithographed roses, requesting her to be present at the wedding of her two betrothed pupils. She was obliged to decline with thanks, her duty compelling her presence in the schoolroom. But she might just as well have accepted for that night; for the entire Wasserman-Schwarz family and their guests, which meant practically the whole room, were absent.

LETTERS TO UNSUCCESSFUL MEN

(Concluded from Page 9)

threw me out. He wound up by saying that I would have one more chance, and if I didn't make good this time the stuff was all off. For the present he was going to put me out on the street to collect small city accounts. He emphasized "small," to let me see that he was afraid I might pinch big ones, if they were trusted to me.

You remember the prisoner of Chillon, unkie, and how he had the willies the first few days after he got out of that French Sing Sing. That was me. I went around blinking like an old rounder, trying to get the desk electrics out of my eyes. Then I hired a dandy little runabout by the week, though I didn't obtrude it in the neighborhood of the office, and chased around from one corner grocery to another, making one boy unpin a ten-spot from the lining of his vest and another dig up a dollar sixty-three from the stocking. It looked as if being a Captain wasn't so rotten, after all. But when I'd had a few days of this I began to find it pretty tiresome. All my stores seemed to be in the slums, and then some of the grocers were absurdly petty and trifling about their bills—said they would have the money next day, or that there was an overcharge, or that the goods weren't right—anything to give me trouble. Besides, there are lots of amusing things to do in Chicago and lots of bully places to go after you have located your old friends and have been introduced to their sisters.

Little by little I stopped bothering with the grocers who kicked up a fuss—the amounts were small, anyway—and paid the bills out of my own pocket. The cashier told me that I was the best collector the house had ever had, and added that if I could keep this gait up, I'd be given larger accounts for collection. Of course I discouraged the idea, for I knew my finances wouldn't stand any such strain as that. Still, I began to get stuck on myself, and every one except Rawden would have been happy and satisfied if a bull-headed Dutch grocer hadn't come into the office one morning and insisted on discussing a bill which I had already paid for him. I tried to shut him up by winking at him, but I only succeeded in making him so indignant that he blurted out: "What for dot young monkey winks unt laughs by me, hey? I tink I puy mein groceries from a house dot haf young mans mit respegdt for deir gustomers."

Rawden, the human hurry-wagon, smelled rough-house of some sort starting and saw that I was mixed up in it. So he came a-running. I made a quick, but bum, finish as a star collector right there, and was suspended from all duty with the house, pending the receipt of wired instructions from the governor. They came with a rush: "Put him to work stenciling boxes in the factory." Wouldn't that discourage you? Here I was the only man with the house who wasn't afraid of losing his job, and the only one who didn't seem able to lose it. Still, there was a hopeful side to the situation. The only thing they could do to me next time would be to fire me. Where the governor made his mistake was in not starting me in as manager. Then he'd have had places enough left on the way down to have kept me with the house for a year or two at least.

I've got to break away here for dinner, but I'll write you about my . nish in a day or two.

Yours, JACK.

THE RISE OF HARRIMAN

(Continued from Page 4)

the bondholders and fought with characteristic vigor. It is rather amusing now to read the committee's ardent protests against the dictatorial attitude of the great banking house. Mr. Harriman was not then in the dictator class. The reorganization dragged for two years; then was worked out satisfactorily to the committee.

And while the little house was fighting the big one over Erie, the events were shaping which were to make Harriman as great a figure as Morgan. His big chance came with the reorganization of Union Pacific; and in 1893 that road went into bankruptcy.

Congress chartered the Union Pacific in July, 1862, by an act which provided that whoever built it and the Central Pacific should receive a grant of public land and a loan of United States six per cent. bonds (to be secured by a first lien on the roads) to the amount of $16,000 for each mile east of the eastern base of the Rocky Mountains and west of the western base of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, $48,000 a mile through the mountains, and $32,000 a mile for the distance between the two mountain chains. The line was to be completed to the coast by July 1, 1876. The act says: "Whenever it appears that the net earnings of the entire road and telegraph . . . exceed ten per cent. upon its cost, Congress may reduce the rates of fare thereon if unreasonable in amount, and may fix and establish the same by law."

In 1864 both the Senate and House passed bills amending the act of 1862. Concerning the passage of the House bill—at a night session in June—Congressman E. B. Washburne said: "No gentleman who was here at that time will ever forget the extraordinary scene which was presented. The lobby mustered in its full force. I say nothing here of the shameful means which, it was alleged, were used in a confidential way to carry through this bill; but I do say the scene was one of the most exciting that I have witnessed in a service of nearly sixteen years. The galleries were packed with people interested in the measure, by lobbyists male and female, and by shysters and adventurers hoping for something to turn up. Your corridors were filled with lobbyists who broke through all rules and made their way upon the floor and into the seats of members." *

* Quoted from Congressional Globe in J. P. Davis' "The Union Pacific Railway."

Senate and House bills went to a conference, of which Washburne said: "On July 1 the committee of conference reported, bringing in such new matter as would, in my opinion, be a violation of every rule which governs committees of conference in legislative bodies. And this report, changing so materially the bill as acted on by the House, was gagged through. The gentleman from Pennsylvania demanded the previous question. In a matter of legislation involving interests so vast and pledging amounts of money so enormous, even the yeas and nays were refused."

This amendment of 1864 was rather important. It authorized the companies to issue and sell their own bonds to an amount equal to the Government's subsidy bonds, and it provided that the bonds which the companies issued should be secured by a first mortgage, whereas the Government's lien should be only a second mortgage. Also, it doubled the land-grant, making it ten alternate sections on each side of the road instead of only five, and it did not except mineral lands as the first act had done. That first act provided that from fifteen to twenty-five per cent. of the Government's subsidy bonds should be

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reserved until the entire road was completed. The amendment struck this out, permitted the companies to draw the bonds as fast as they built. In minor particulars the amendment was advantageous to the companies.

The view that some gentlemen interested took of the project is suggested by a little joker in the amendment of 1864. After the bill had been duly "gagged through" it was discovered that it contained a provision limiting the Central Pacific to one hundred and fifty miles east of the California border. Senator Conness declared that the bill as agreed to by the conference committee contained no such provision, and that the clause was "stolen in through the corruption of some parties and the clerk who eventually made up the report." And some time afterward C. P. Huntington was able to boast that he got the clause repealed "without the use of a single dollar."

C. P. Huntington, Leland Stanford, Mark Hopkins and Charles Crocker did the building of the Central Pacific. A few days after the amendment of 1864 was passed the Union Pacific let a contract for the construction of the first one hundred miles west from Omaha to H. M. Hoxie. Mr. Hoxie was a man of modest means and station. In fact, he was employed in the operation of a little ferry at Omaha, and in his weighty negotiations with the railroad he was represented by the private secretary of Thomas C. Durant, the vice-president.

Just how much of a Pacific railroad the Government might have got under the Hoxie régime it is impossible to say. There was a very strong suspicion that drawing the Government subsidy in bonds and land and selling the bonds of the road were the chief aims. To facilitate those operations, that celebrated corporation, The Credit Mobilier of America, was brought in. However, some New England men of wealth, standing and rather broader business views took an interest in the enterprise. Oakes Ames was their leader, and he presently supplanted Durant as the guiding spirit in the building of the road.

Looking back at it now, Ames seems to me about the most admirable figure in the whole group. True, himself a member of Congress, he sold to some fellow-members and to some Senators little blocks of stock in his Credit Mobilier company—usually on tick, to be paid for out of the dividends. But he pushed the construction of Union Pacific. Huntington, Stanford and the other Central Pacific men were pushing construction from their end, too. Both sides were animated by an ardent desire to build just as many miles and get just as much Government subsidy as possible.

Each of the rival builders had some ten thousand men at work. The Union Pacific was grading two hundred miles ahead of its track; the Central Pacific one hundred miles ahead. One result of this competition was that the graded work of the two roads lapped for a distance of eighty miles; both companies claimed the right to lay rails and complete construction, and it began to look as though, instead of one railroad from Omaha to San Francisco, the country would have two. Promontory Point, near Ogden, was finally fixed as the junction, and here, on May 10, 1869, Leland Stanford, then Governor of California, drove the last spike.

This was seven years before the expiration of the time allowed by Congress for the completion of the road—the time limit having been extended a year by the amendment of 1864. Congress granted ample time for the construction of the road in an economical manner. The subsidy race of the two companies resulted in extravagance.

About the time the last spike was driven, one Henry S. McComb, a Credit Mobilier stockholder, brought suit to recover some shares in that corporation which he claimed to be entitled to. In prosecuting this suit he introduced in evidence some letters written by Oakes Ames, explaining how he was placing Credit Mobilier stock with certain members of Congress. "We want more friends in this Congress," Ames observed in one letter, "and if a man will look into the law (and it is difficult for them to do it unless they have an interest to do so) he cannot help being convinced that we should not be interfered with."

The New York Sun got hold of the letters. A memorable scandal and Congressional investigation ensued. The extraordinary thing about it all now is the smallness of the amounts involved. Eminent members got ten shares, and made a profit of three or four hundred dollars. The net result of the investigation, besides badly damaging some promising political reputations, was that the House solemnly passed a resolution condemning Ames. It is alleged that many of the men who voted for the resolution privately apologized to him for doing it. However, the excitement of the investigation, coming after the exertion of building the railroad, did its work. Ames died two months after the resolution was passed. More than any other man he was the builder of Union Pacific, and at this distance he seems about the most admirable figure in the lot.

It came out, in the Credit Mobilier investigation, that it cost the contractors fifty-one million dollars to build the Union Pacific. They received ninety-four million dollars in securities, none of which, however, was worth par in the market. The investigating committee computed the cash profit at twenty-four millions, in round numbers. As to the profits in constructing Central Pacific, we know that the four great fortunes of Stanford, Huntington, Crocker and Hopkins were founded in them.

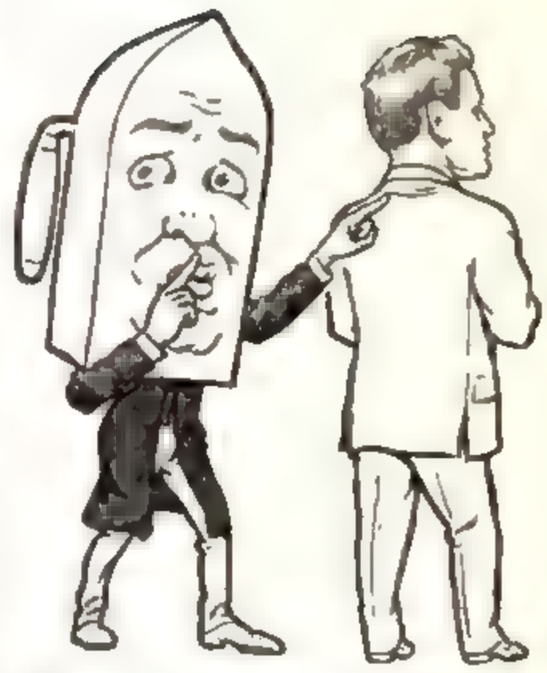
The Union Pacific received $27,236,512 of Government subsidy bonds. Also it received from the Government over eleven million acres of land, on which, to the end of 1886, it had realized twenty million dollars.

But the roads issued their own bonds, secured by first mortgage to an amount equal to the Government bonds. Also they issued land-grant bonds and capital stock. As early as 1875 Union Pacific paid a dividend on its stock. Jay Gould came into control, and sold it some other lines (which he also controlled) on terms not advantageous to Union Pacific. By this means Union Pacific capital stock was increased from thirty-six to sixty-one millions, and it was provided with some collateral trust bonds. The stock was what is called an active security. Dividends were paid on it—in 1880, six per cent.; in 1881, six and three-quarters per cent.; in 1882 and '83, seven per cent. But while holders of the watered stock were receiving dividends little provision was being made to pay the debt to the Government, which was increasing by a million dollars or so a year, as the Government paid interest on the subsidy bonds.

Poor times came on. Branch lines failed to earn operating expenses. Union Pacific stock sank to fifteen dollars a share; and in the fall of 1893 the road went into the hands of receivers. It then had outstanding sixty-one millions of stock, nearly ninety millions of bonds, and it owed the Government, in addition, over fifty millions on account of the subsidy bonds and interest on them—altogether a rather pretty wreck. In earlier years, when the stock was up and dividends were paid, these various securities had been widely sold both in Europe and America. The road controlled the Oregon Short Line and the Oregon Railroad and Navigation, each liberally stocked and bonded.

A committee, of which Senator Brice was chairman and J. Pierpont Morgan a member, undertook the reorganization. The great sticker was the fifty odd millions of indebtedness to the Government. The idea was to fund this in two per cent. bonds running for a hundred years. Congress did not take kindly to the idea. The fifteen or twenty various groups of security holders took alarm and began to appoint committees of their own. There were a full dozen separate committees, each representing a particular security and frequently disagreeing with the representatives of other securities. Moreover, the committees began to have separate receivers appointed for the particular pieces of road in which their interests lay. This was the situation in March, 1895, when Congress finally rejected the bill to fund the debt to the Government. This funding of the debt to the Government had been considered absolutely essential to a successful reorganization. The Brice-Morgan committee threw up its hands and retired from the field in disgust. It looked as though the great road would disintegrate.

Then Jacob H. Schiff, of Kuhn, Loeb & Co., stepped into the breach, and Harriman stepped with him. They accomplished, with brilliant success, the task that Morgan had given up—and incidentally made what is probably the most tremendous killing in American finance.



The Sign of Poor Work

By A. Lytle Taylor

ALL suits, whether Custom Tailored or Ready-to-Wear, look alike when new to most men. For a time any suit unless it is a very Punk Piece of work usually fits pretty good at first.

Because *then* the Fabric is Stiff and whether or not the suit is properly made the Fabric will hold for a time the Shape given it by Old Dr. Goose—the Hot Flat Iron.

Consequently a man may often Shake Hands with himself when he first tries on his suit after it is finished or he has purchased it

—And three or six weeks later will Kick himself for having paid his Good Money for the shapeless and ill fitting Suit Burlesque he finds he Owns.

* * *

Now an ill-fitting and shapeless suit of clothes is a result of Improper Cutting and Poor Workmanship. An Expert Tailor can tell at a glance when a Suit is properly or improperly made

And we believe you Should Know how he does it—so that You can *tell* a suit—for yourself—*before* and not after it is Purchased

Now it matter if the suit be made by the Most Celebrated Custom Tailor in the World—or the most Exclusive Ready-To-Wear clothes maker—

If you see that *wrinkle* below the collar to which old Dr. Goose is pointing in the Illustration—it's a Poor Suit.

For that Wrinkle is the Sure Sign of Poor Work.

The suit upon which *that* sign appears while it may look fine at the try-on—will lose its shape and fit a week or a month later—

The Collar will Gap at the back of the neck—the left Lapel will Bulge—the Shoulders will lose their Shape and Sag—the sleeves will begin to twist—and certain Breaks and Wrinkles will appear between the Neck and Shoulder and over the Breast.

All other defects in a Coat may be "adjusted" Temporarily by Remaking—or "doped" for a time by old Dr. Goose—the Hot Flat Iron

But that Wrinkle or Fullness below the Collar—where you won't notice it if you don't look for it—*must remain*

For that's Old Dr. Goose's *unfailing* Sign of Poor Work in a suit—somewhere or somehow.

* * *

Look for that Wrinkle in the back of Men's Coats on the Street

You'll see it in 99 out of every 100.

If you *don't* see that Wrinkle in a suit you can be *sure* of *one* of two things

Either—the Wearer has drawn *the one* suit in a hundred that has by a Freak of Fortune been made *right* in spite of Improper Cutting or Poor Workmanship

—Or the suit has been made by Kuh, Nathan & Fischer—makers of "Sincerity Clothes."

If *the really know* just how a Suit should be Cut and who can Afford to pay the Price of careful—slow—expert Needle Workmanship to needle *mould* Shape and Fit *permanently* into a suit

And not simply "dope" it into a Temporary Form by Old Dr. Goose—the Hot Flat Iron—and have it Fade away into Shapelessness the first real hot or rainy day that comes along.

The next time you Purchase a suit look for the sign of Poor Work.

Have a friend hold the coat by the shoulders so part of the back is Horizontal and flat and press your finger along the center back seam toward the Collar.

If there's a Fullness—and you see that *Wrinkle*—the suit is badly made—*don't buy it.*

Instead look for the Clothes that bear the label below—just inside the Collar—then your Suit will be sure to fit you and be Stylish—and it will retain its style and fit until you're ready for your next One

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PLAYER FOLK

Doris Keane

The Actor and the Poet

ACTORS are proverbially bad judges of plays, and even of their own parts in them. When Miss Doris Keane received her part in The Hypocrites, last summer in the country, she confesses that she was greatly disappointed. She had first attracted critical attention while a pupil in the Sargent school of acting, in Mrs. Wharton's subacid comedy, The Twilight of the Gods; and it was in vivacious and charming parts that she hoped to win her first general recognition on Broadway. But Fate had doomed her to sad and even unpleasant parts.

Already she had figured as two of the more oblique of Henry Arthur Jones' women, Mrs. Dane, which she played in a Western stock company, and the cockney chorus girl, Rosie, in the original production of Whitewashing Julia. In Augustus Thomas' The Other Girl she had played the passionate and perverse heroine on tour. Her only sympathetic rôle had been that of the gardener's daughter in Thomas' De Lancey, in which she supported John Drew. Rachel, in The Hypocrites, is a Scotch girl whose sorrows figure in all four acts of the play. It seemed that Miss Keane's chance of a Broadway success was as far off as ever.

Unsympathetic as the part was, however, she threw herself into it with all her force. From the moment she appeared on the stage she dominated the scene, and held the audience spellbound. What she had not foreseen was that the sorrows of unhappy Rachel are the dramatic core of the play. Miss Keane's sympathetic personality and clear-cut art produced, perhaps, the strongest impression in a performance which gave many actors a chance to score.

She is as determined as ever, none the less, to make her mark in comedy. The first use she made of her success was to induce Mr. Charles Frohman to hold The Twilight of the Gods for her, and she intends to take the first opportunity to make a public appearance in it.

Mansfield and the Gag

A FRIEND of Richard Mansfield lately asked him as to the truth of an anecdote that has been told of his youthful days when he was a minor member of the Union Square stock company. Having a thinking part in an important scene, it is said, he ostentatiously took an imaginary pin from his lapel, bent it in the way schoolboys know, and carefully placed it upon a chair in which the leading man was to sit at the crisis of his scene. His antic, so the story goes, attracted all eyes in the audience, and when the leading man sat down upon the imaginary pin the house gave forth a murmur of warning, and then, as if in sympathy for the expected wound, involuntarily rose from their seats.

Mr. Mansfield frowned, and said in his abruptest tone, "No! it is not true! They tell a lot of things about me that aren't so." Then he relapsed into his chair with a smile. "When I was playing in London before that," he continued, "I once took a stickpin out of my tie—a real pin, mind you—bent it, and put it into my trousers—my own trousers! Then, while the leading man was working up his scene, I went about from chair to chair, and made as if to sit down in each of them. I didn't do it; but all the same, that night I got the bounce."

Then the great actor recalled a string of similar incidents. One was of a time when he was cast for a waiter in bib and apron, whose only duty was to draw a cork. From the way he spoke it appeared that he was equally offended by the smallness of the part and the largeness of the apron—indeed, by the fact of having to wear an apron at all. When his cue came he tugged at the cork in vain, having taken pains to ram it home before he went on. As Mr. Mansfield told the story, he exhausted all his wonderful powers of mimicry in picturing in his features the efforts of the waiter. The stage-manager shouted in a rough whisper to quit that, and then ordered him off the stage. Mansfield turned a deaf ear, and, presently, handed bottle and corkscrew to the second waiter, who exerted all his strength, and failed to pull the cork. Then Mansfield took back the bottle, and, renewing his efforts, finally dislodged the cork. The insignificant pop it gave, in contrast with the effort taken to pull it, sent the audience into a roar. "That night," Mansfield concluded, "I got the bounce."

On another occasion, in a play called The Special Delivery Letter, the manager asked him to take the part of a squire who was to receive the letter—or rather, who was to call for it and not get it, the letter having been stolen by the villain. His part consisted in saying "I am surprised," and going off. "We can't intrust it to a supe," the manager explained. "We must have an actor who can look a country gentleman, and show surprise." "I had to prove to them that I was better than a supe," Mansfield says, "so I promised to take the part if I was allowed to work it up in my own manner. But I warned them that I should not be able to give satisfaction." No words can convey his account of the way he presented the part. His whole face was made up to accentuate the expression of surprise, the eyebrows arching up to the middle of his forehead. He had a brother who was a member of Parliament, this Mansfieldian squire asserted, and he would have this brother inquire into the special delivery department. His wife's cousin was a peer, and the House of Lords would pass a measure abolishing the whole post office. The speech was punctuated with lifts of the eyebrows, and exclamations of "I am surprised!"

The stage-manager shouted in the wings for him to come off until he was hoarse, and threw himself into a sweat threatening violence. But Mansfield finished his part as he had written it.

"I told them I shouldn't be able to suit them," he concluded, "but that night I got the bounce."

The Poet in the Playhouse

PERHAPS the following anecdote will explain one reason why men of letters so seldom gain a hearing on the stage:

Mr. William Vaughn Moody's The Great Divide lately made one of the most striking successes of a season unusually rich in successes, being acclaimed as, in its way, the greatest of American plays. On the day after its triumphant première in New York, Mr. Henry Miller, who, with Miss Margaret Anglin, produced it and played the leading parts, was talking with a friend of the author's.

"I prophesy," said Mr. Miller, full of enthusiasm, "that Mr. Moody will one day be famous."

The friend laughed and said: "But you know he's already that."

"You mean," Mr. Miller answered, "that our new play entitles him to that reputation? I hope it may prove so."

What the man had in mind was that Mr. Moody's verses have generally been recognized as placing him at the head of modern American poets, and in the front rank of poets on either side of the Atlantic.

Adopt the new and better—quicker—way of shaving—the

Florafoam

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way. The busy man's ideal shave—an easy shave with delightful after-effects.

"Florafoam" contains Pond's Extract—think what that means!

It penetrates the deepest pores, softens the beard, soothes and invigorates the skin.

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A [illegible] in the valve. A change of one degree at the thermostat is sufficient to operate the damper. As simple as an more expensive than a good clock. It has proven its worth for 20 years.

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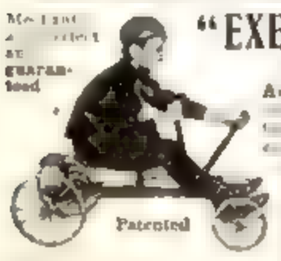

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Adjustable crank to fit any [illegible] "Geared" for [illegible]

"Can't upset" No dead center. "CAN'T BE BROKEN and won't wear out." A straight pull (ordinary, hand-car-motion), instantly interchangeable to the exact "Rowing and Scull Rowing" exercise motions. *Designed by a Physician* to develop and strengthen the *spine* and *chest*, and *rest* the child's legs. Write for our free offer.

"Exer-Ketch" Novelty Co., 103 N. Senate Av., Indianapolis, Ind.

How I Lost My Savings

Little Grains of Wheat

A FEW years ago I invested my savings in a grain elevator in a Western town. I had been working for a large grain company for years, and felt that I could, in time, build up a good business.

My hopes were just beginning to be realized when a grain dealer, owning several elevators in this section of the country and living in a handsome residence in my town, asked me one day, casually, if I wished to sell my business. I explained why I did not, and for a few months later I heard nothing more from him.

Then I learned that this man was about to build a new elevator beside mine. As there were already there all the elevators the territory could support, a new one meant that some one's business must go to the wall. The other houses were owned by strong companies. I, alone, was poor, and in debt.

About this time I was again asked if I would sell out to my rival. Although I knew that my house would be worth next to nothing either to sell or to keep after another elevator was built, I again refused, as I hoped the railroad company would not grant the man a building site.

But one day the railroad officials marked out a site, and a few days later a car of building stone was unloaded on the spot. When the man came to me again to buy my house, threatening to build if I did not sell, I felt obliged to sell and at his own terms. My loss was a heavy one.

On this account, and because of my home and family, I was unable to locate in business elsewhere, and had to seek employment on a salary.

The new owner kept the elevator a year—the crops were the best for years and he made good money—then sold it to a line company at almost twice what he had paid me for it. I have since learned that this was not the first nor the second time he had worked this trick. It seems he had a pull with the railroad officials so they always helped him. —*A. R. B.*

An Artistic Temperament

I AM an advertising man. Some years ago I listened to the voice of the Tempter and wrote four short stories; they were accepted. I wrote three more, and some verse—how quickly I degenerated!—and these latter productions were also bought and paid for. I realized that I was a genius; my friends corroborated my opinion. I had saved $2500 from advertisement-writing and made $125 from stories. My mind was made up; I determined to own a magazine. What others had done I could do.

Lives of great men all remind us
Of the nasty, ugly crash
That befell us when we followed
In their steps without the cash.

I chose Canada as the field for my venture; Canada possessed only one purely literary magazine. Mine was a magazine of short stories.

A great idea flashed across my mind—the great advertising idea (and I am no fool at advertising): I would only accept advertisements from the Canadian manufacturers; all United States advertisements would be politely, but firmly, refused. I wrote Joseph Chamberlain. By return mail came a most encouraging reply, signed by his secretary. I also wrote to Sir Gilbert Parker; he sent me a real kind letter, signed by himself; I have kept it, and when I read a new novel written by this great man, his good-natured epistle enables me to proceed to the end of his story without feeling the sense of utter weariness which I might otherwise experience. When Sir Gilbert dies I am going to write a poem to his memory.

I called upon a number of Canadian manufacturers and outlined my great plan. They were all enthusiastic—until asked for an advertisement; then they found that their patriotism did not agree with their pocketbook, and I got left, badly left, to the extent of all my savings.

Finally I got down to fifty dollars. My wife cried, and the babies looked at me reproachfully. That finished it. I swore a solemn oath never to accept another check from a magazine until I could afford it, and never to start another magazine until I was worth at least $2,000,000. I went back to the old advertising world, and am making good. When the surplus comes I am going to invest in real estate in the great Northwest; one hundred per cent. on your money and no risk, if you believe the estate agents; twelve per cent. and very little risk, if you go and find out for yourself.

The name of my magazine? It was called The Blue Jay, but I have since thought that The Cuckoo would have been a more appropriate title. —*A. E. R.*

The Line of the Dividend

WHEN a young man starts out in life to earn his own living he should be taught two things: how he can save money and how he can best hold on to the money he has saved. The harder it is to save a dollar, the harder it should be to get that dollar away from the man who saved it. In other words, we should exact of the bank or investment where we are thinking of placing our savings an account of its ability to return to us our money when we require it.

I was sixteen when my account in the town savings-bank amounted to $500, the fruits of several years privations and sacrifices. Once this big sum was mine I began to look around for an investment where I could soon double my capital, and had no trouble finding one which promised to fulfill for me my desires.

An alluring whole-page advertisement in a Sunday paper met my eyes: "Money doubled; no risk; no long waiting"—such were the get-rich-quick concern's headlines. Land worth hundreds of dollars was being sacrificed at a few cents an acre. For five hundred dollars I could be the holder of enough land to support a thousand families.

I sent on for some of the "literature"—I was now nibbling. Later, I began to bite. I sent on a hundred dollars, and, soon after, received the rich dividend of course the dividend paid out of my own principal—but that I did not suspect. Then I bit more—swallowed the bait, hook and all, and soon received a notice that dividends would be temporarily suspended, pending improvements.

Next, the big "ads," ceased to appear. No replies came to my many inquiries, and at last an exposé of the concern by another Sunday paper whose columns had not received the "fake company's" patronage gave the whole thing away.

I got rich—in experience. The lesson was dear, but I am wiser by many times what it cost me. —*C. D.*

A Ten-to-One Bet Did It

IN 1903 I began my career on the race track as circulation manager of a racing publication, working on a commission basis, and often putting in eighteen hours a day hard work. In the course of eighteen months I had built up a poor circulation into a good one and had managed to save fifteen hundred dollars. I had always stayed away from the betting ring until one day a friend, supposed to be on the "inside," gave me a "straight tip," and I placed a bet of ten dollars at the odds of ten to one. I won, and with the bookmaker's hundred in my pocket began to have visions of myself as a race-track magnate—a rival of Pittsburg Phil and Riley Grannan—who wouldn't have to do any work, but merely go to the track each day and separate the poor bookmakers from a few thousand dollars. However, I had sense enough not to throw up my job, and, in fact, contented myself with a small bet occasionally. As a rule I won. This, of course, only served to whet my gambling appetite.

A few months after I had made my first bet the publication for which I worked suspended publication and I took up betting on the races as a means of livelihood. But winning bets I made with increasing infrequency, and, at the expiration of six weeks, only fifty-three dollars of my savings remained. Then I quit, and began looking for a position. My money was entirely gone and I was in debt when I succeeded in getting a place. However, I am now out of debt and am again saving. —*J. P.*

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LITERARY FOLK

THEIR WAYS AND THEIR WORK

Edward Childs Carpenter

Men, Books, or Both?

THE traditional English recipe for the making of a novelist had at least the merit of simplicity. The candidate went first to a university and then to seed. That is to say, he received the regulation classical education; then locked himself in a room with many books, and out of these, and of his own mind, spun, spider-like, his people and their plots.

We Americans have changed all that. Education? Yes. Books? By all means. But solitude—seclusion? Never! It is our unformulated conception that a novelist must study life and know men, and, whether the conception is right or wrong, it is this sort of training which has produced Howells and Frank Norris, and is most likely at last to produce a genuinely American school of fiction.

The latest example of this product is Edward Childs Carpenter, whose charming romance, Captain Courtesy, has just appeared. Mr. Carpenter's life has been nothing if not varied. He collaborated with one friend in The Chasm, a novel of politics, in 1903, and last year, with John Luther Long, produced The Dragon-Fly, a drama of the Alamo. Always a seeker after any experience or phase of life which might contribute to his equipment as a writer, he played his part in the steel industry, in newspaper work, and on the stage. His purpose in becoming an actor was to learn stage-craft at first hand. With the enthusiasm of twenty-one, under a *nom de théâtre*, he barnstormed in such rôles as Iago, Melnotte, Petruchio and even Hamlet, stage-managing the productions himself. Then after a season with a theatrical "stock" company, he settled down and wrote for the stage, the magazines and the newspapers. Now he is quite as much at home with the prompt-book of the Market, as financial editor of the Philadelphia Inquirer, and already at work on a new story of love and adventure, the date of which is set at about the same period as Captain Courtesy, yet the scene of which is laid, not in early California, but in a still more romantic and even less developed literary field.

The Women in the Case

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY, the Hoosier poet, has all the bachelor's gallantry—and all the bachelor's pride in the fact of his bachelorhood. He illustrated both of these qualities when in Philadelphia to receive his doctor's degree from the University of Pennsylvania. It happened at a tea—a form of amusement which Mr. Riley does not, as a rule, particularly affect—and its cause was the effusive greeting accorded Mr. Riley by a local literary light to whom he was presented; a matron of mature years and proportions, whose conjugal estate was, of course, unknown to the poet.

"Ah, Mr. Riley," said the literary matron as she permitted her limp hand to rest a moment in the firm, hearty grasp of the Indianan. "I have for so many years wanted to meet the man whose poems of childhood were the delight of my own young years."

Riley glanced at the woman with those keen, though kindly, eyes of his: she was his own age if she were a day old!

"That," he sufficiently replied, "is indeed a tribute to my ability."

"Are you in town for long?" pursued the matron.

"Only for a short while, madam."

"And is Mrs. Riley with you?"

This was almost too much. "She is not, I am sorry to say."

"Indeed! Where is she?"

"My dear madam, I regret to say that I cannot inform you. I am in utter darkness as to her whereabouts. So far as I am in possession of any facts to the contrary, I may be addressing her at this moment."

No Respecter of Poets

THE American visit of the younger Irving recalls, to literary folk, the association between Sir Henry Irving and Tennyson. It will be remembered that the great actor-manager produced several of the poet laureate's plays, sometimes with notable success. One of the first of these ventures was The Cup, and Tennyson was hugely pleased with the financial outcome, but not a little hurt when, attending a performance, he found that many lines had been "cut." A man who always took his own work at its highest valuation, he remonstrated against these omissions with some bitterness.

But Irving thought quite as much of his art of the actor as did Tennyson of that of the poet

"Yes," he said dryly, "we have cut several lines. We find it necessary to do quite as much cutting in Shakespeare."

And Tennyson was silent.

The Transgressor's Way

JOAQUIN MILLER is one of those downright men who have souls above flattery—even above the flattery of pretty girls. One day, at a reception into which the old poet had been inveigled, a sweet, young thing, who obviously never read at all, rushed up to him, and gurgled:

"Oh, Mr. Miller, I am so glad to meet you, for I have read every line of poetry you have ever published."

The gray-haired poet took her little hand in both of his. His eyes were tender and his voice infinitely gentle as he answered:

"My dear child, don't you know where you will go when you die if you tell such stories?"

Dooley Grows Sweeter and Finer

DOOLEY, like all good men, as he grows older gets wiser and sweeter. There may not be as many laughs as before in Dissertations by Mr. Dooley (*Harpers*), the latest volume of his philosophy, but there are deeper thoughts, the hint of tears that might follow the laugh. "A man has more fun wishin' f'r the things he hasn't got thin injyin' th' things he has got. Life, Hinnessey, is like a Pullmann dinin'-car: a fine bill-of-fare, but nawthin' to eat. . . . Ye niver git what ye ardher, but it's pretty good if y'r appytite ain't keen an' ye care for the scenery." Such is the experience of middle life! Dooley's irony is growing, his hatred of cant. His compliments to Carnegie are among the best things he has ever done. The great Andrew, if he really wants to see himself as many of his fellow-countrymen see him, should study Dooley.

Mr. Dunne has triumphed over the literary medium he chose. The Dooley dialect has never limited the Dooley horizon. Addison with all his style said a great deal less than Dooley; and Emerson was never so typical and scarcely more profound than this Irish-American with his plebeian brogue. The form does not count for much when a man has something real to say.

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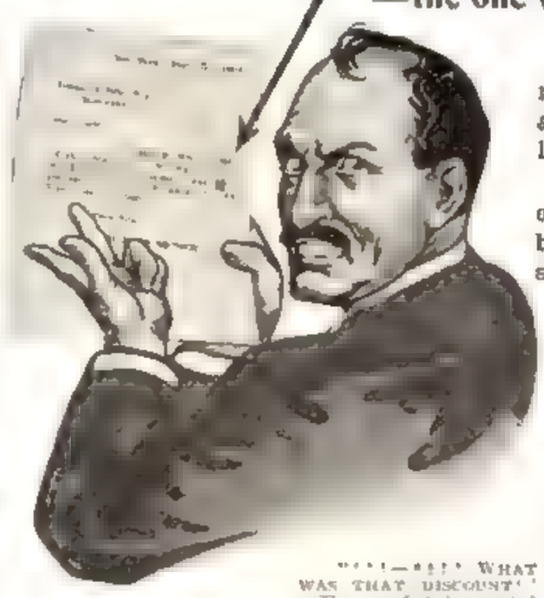

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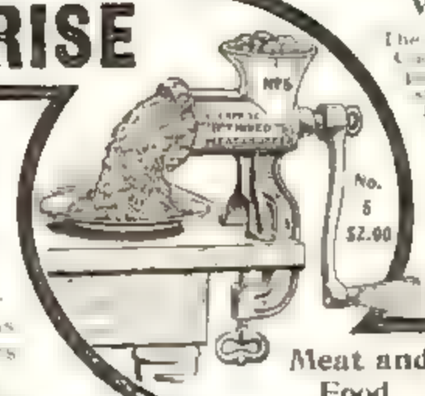

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The Great American Steer

(Continued from Page 13)

Not seeking to cover with accuracy all local conditions, and dealing only in generalities which set aside all prejudice, we can safely say that there is not a rancher in Texas who can make three per cent. on his money to-day, calling his land worth four dollars an acre. In ten years, so say the Texas cowmen, all the big ranches will be gone, just as we see them going in the Dakotas, Montana, Wyoming, in Alberta, all over the North. Small tracts, fruits, littlefields, maize, kaffir corn, wheat, cotton, cotton, cotton—these will take the place of the breeding-ranches which now slowly but surely are changing into feeding-ranches. The handwriting is on the wall.

But, though the handwriting be unmistakable upon the wall, we must admit that the modern range feeder in Texas did not put it there. He would rather have found his carbo-hydrates and protein in grass than in cottonseed. The cotton farmer came West and forced him to change his method. The Texas cowman was not to blame—he was innocent.

The same story meets you as you travel northward. Old methods are changing. As to the profit of the industry, accept the modern speech of one cattle-man who has been on the range for thirty years. "Nothing doing," said he. "Nothing in it for any man concerned with cows, whether he breeds 'em, feeds 'em, or lends money on 'em."

"Or eats 'em," one could have added. But there is an idea in the latter portion of this comment. Perhaps the banker can tell us something. He is usually a good business man and well in touch with the tendencies of his time. I talked with the manager of the most prominent cow bank in Denver. He smiled cynically when asked why beef was high, and why none the less all range men weep when asked how they are getting on to-day.

"It isn't our fault," said he. "We are not making as much as we once did. When the trail drives were on and the country was opening, and cows were going up in price, any bank could make money, but not to-day. The interest rate now is too low. Times are changing.

"Civilization and the cow business don't go together," he went on. "The Government is spending millions for irrigation, and people are crowding West, and the demand for farm lands never will be supplied; but what the farmer gains, the cowman loses. When the little fellow comes in on the water front he unsettles the range herds of the big fellow. The latter has to begin to feed hay, and that costs him more, and that makes his business more unsafe. To-day if a cowman asks me for money to carry a bunch of cattle, the first thing I ask him is how much hay he has put up, what sort of range he has, how much protection his cattle will have in winter, and all that sort of thing. Once he'd have shot me for insulting him; but the cowman has to take his medicine to-day."

Another banker, who is also a range-cattle owner of thirty years' experience, is located in the Black Hills district. He has followed the cattle game all over Colorado, Wyoming and South Dakota, and knows something about range conditions both past and present. "We lend cow money at eight or ten per cent. now," said he. "We will have to meet six per cent. before long. Once the business would stand twelve or even twenty per cent., but the cow bank has changed along with the cow itself.

"'How many counted cows have you got?' is now the first question, and if the man says that isn't any of the questioner's business, he doesn't get the money."

I stopped at Cheyenne, erstwhile capital of Cowdom, but all Cheyenne was moiling over a local political convention, reformers against the ring. The ten-cent magazine has broken into Wyoming badly. The only man left in town was a saddle-maker who had not been elected delegate because recently he had dunned a sheepman for the price of a second-hand saddle.

"Here I am," said he, "who once sold real leather to real punchers. Sheep are here from Chugwater to Kingdom come. Look at them 'chaps'—they're *canvas!* Canvas 'chaps!' Look at them saddles. See any silver on 'em? Why, if I got a hundred dollars for a saddle now I'd go home and talk to my wife about sendin' the kids to college! What I need is a saddle at $1.49, with a hook for a wire nipper on one side and a dip pot on the other! Look at the swell front Mr. Puncher has to have on his saddle now so he won't get bruised. Look at the single cinch! I reckon they think a hind cinch is going to make a pony buck. This is getting to be a tenderfoot country. Me for the tall, tall woods!"

I hunted up the manager of one of the great ranches of southwestern Dakota.

"Cows have cost me, laid down here during the last two years of my business, $21.52," he said. "We buy in Texas and New Mexico, and ship to this range to mature. Freight from the South costs one hundred dollars per car. We double-winter here and sell on the Eastern market; and to-day a four-year-old brings only about forty-five dollars to be exact, $43.20 average for the last two years. Does that look like good money to you? Try it and find out for yourself.

"Take the question of labor.

"The old-time cow-puncher is a thing of the past. In the old days punchers earned fifty dollars a month, and I pay only forty; but such help not long ago was thirty or even twenty-five dollars a month in some parts of the West. The demand for sheep-hands is raising the price of labor.

"Take the cost of our horse band. Once a cow-pony cost about twenty dollars; now he costs from eighty to a hundred dollars at least.

"Transportation comes into our business, as it does into every other. I think we pay the railroads on East and West shipments twenty per cent. more than we once did. We can't get along without the railroad. What would we do to-day if we had to drive, with all these farms and all this wire? But they do tell me that the railroads have to charge more to pay dividends on their watered stocks—have to keep Wall Street going, you know. We have our cattlemen's associations, and there are good fighting men in them. You may be sure that the Western cowmen were behind that rate bill good and plenty—and we got it.

"Since we have got it, the question is, how will it work? I notice that our lawyer is before the Interstate Commerce Commission with the claim that rates from Texas to Chicago should be cut three cents. That would save the cowman a million and a half a year. He thinks switching charges at Chicago ought to be cut in two. That would save another half-million; but two million dollars isn't so much spread all over the range.

"He says that the live-stock shippers of the West are paying to-day probably three million dollars more freight for an equal amount of shipment than they paid ten years ago for a less valuable service.

"About twenty-five years ago, when I came to the West, we didn't have a bed wagon to follow us and we didn't have a tent to sleep in. We had our saddle blankets for our beds, and we didn't see town once in six months. We didn't sit down and cry, and we didn't kick. But, get at it as close as I can, it surely looks to me that between the railroads, the packers and the homesteaders, the time of range beef under range methods is gone."

"What is the effect? Why, in five years at the outside you will see the end of the range. The small rancher will take our place. He will breed even better cows than we do, and he will mature them quicker and take better care of them and feed them more. The game to-day is to get your steer to marketable size just as fast as you can. The old demand used to be for steers weighing two thousand or twenty-two hundred pounds—that was the top-price animal. To-day you want a steer to weigh just around twelve hundred pounds to bring top prices. Now, in certain conditions you can get that animal to that weight in eighteen months; but you can't do that in open-range conditions as they exist here. I don't know that anybody in particular is to blame for that, but I am very sure that I am not."

One small rancher, located on a stream of bright water coming down from the Black Hills, seemed to me to have all that any man could ask—a roof and a table, half a thousand cows, and plenty of mountain trout. I asked him if he was not happy, and he said he could not complain; but then, of course, like the rest of us, he

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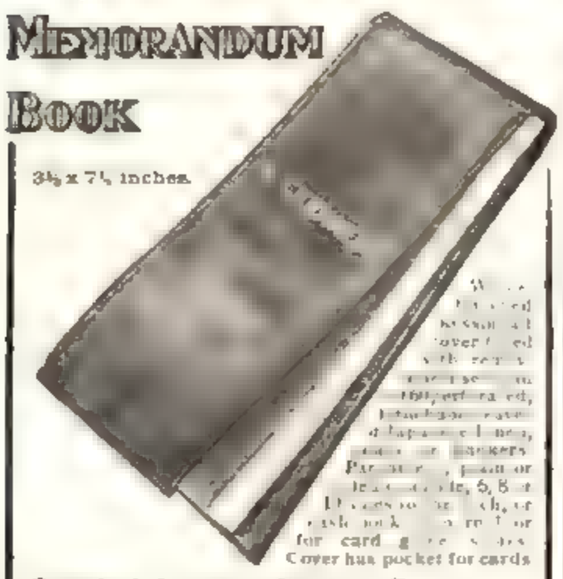

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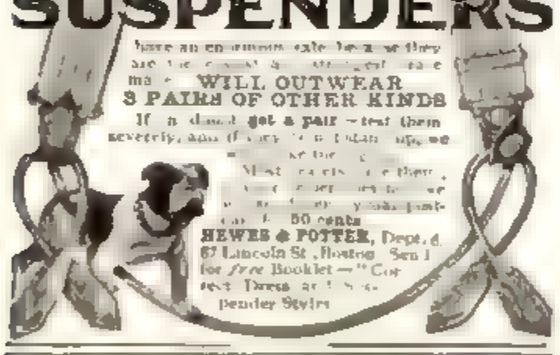

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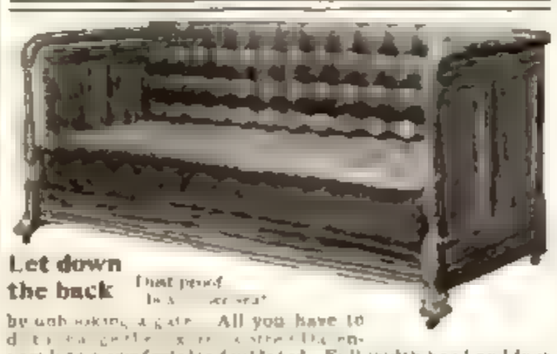

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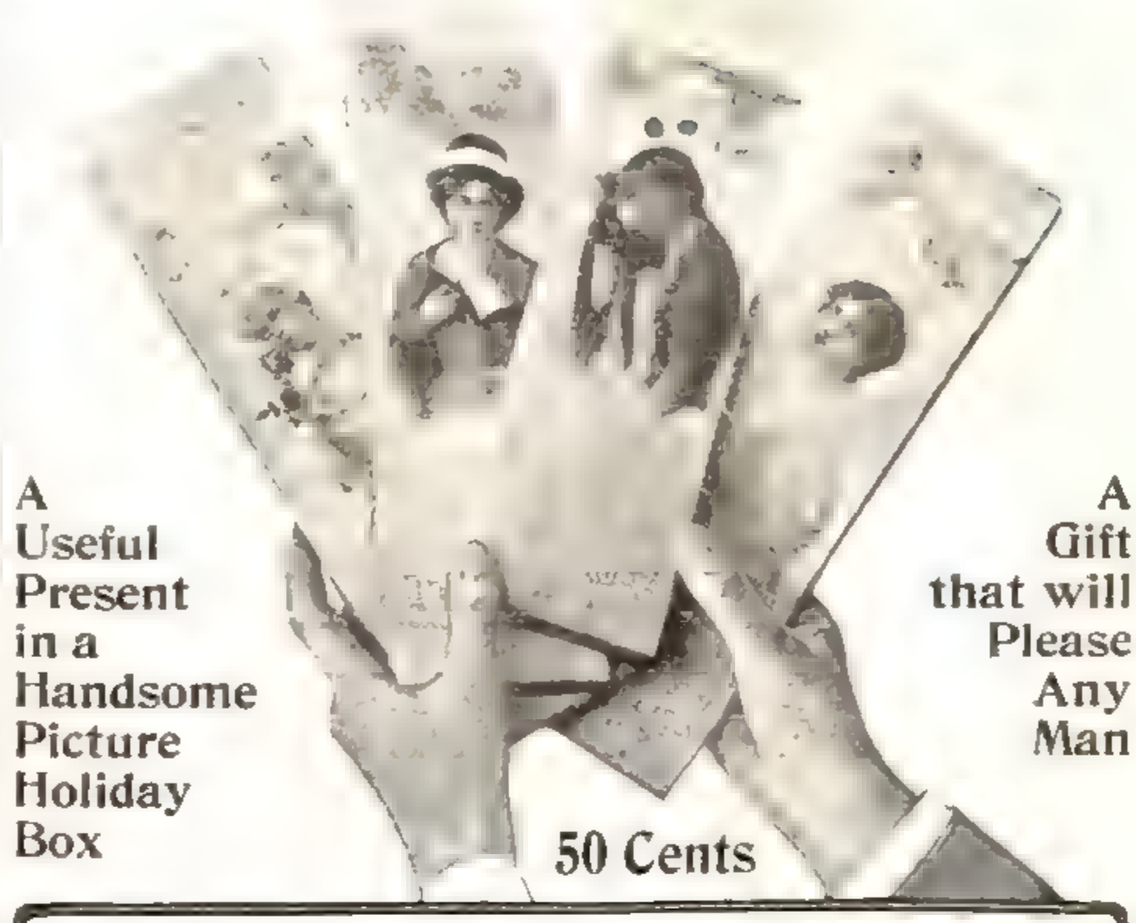

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Lord Edwin Cigar Co. Dept. A, 64, 66, 68 West 125th Street, New York

References: United States Exchange Bank, Dun and Bradstreet.

A RETAILER'S 10c CIGAR IS COMPOSED OF

3 1-2 cents actual cigar value | 4 cents retailer's profit | 3 1-2 cents jobber's profit

Sampson Rock of Wall Street

(Continued from Page 15)

he explained, with a benevolent, offense-removing smile. "I know you to be a gentleman, but I don't know how serious your intentions are, and neither do I know whether I'm giving away valuable information to possible competitors."

"You are giving away nothing," said Sam. "We expect to pay for everything we get." Fletcher stiffened perceptibly. Sam liked him for it, and added amiably: "My dear chap, we are not experts in disguise. As for knowing us, we don't know *you*, and yet we are taking you at your own valuation. I think you are right and that with more capital this property ought to do much better than it has. I'm willing to gamble on it. If you get 12,000 shares for me for $500,000 I'll take it. You ought to be able to get it and make a profit. Unless I have my own way, I won't bother with it. That's why I want the majority of the stock. You ought to get options on the stock. I'll pay ten per cent. cash and the balance in six months. But unless you are sure you can get the majority of the stock, there is no use to bother any further."

Fletcher answered politely, but without enthusiasm: "It will be hard work to get sixty per cent. at the price you've fixed."

"You were sure you could get it a moment ago."

"I'm sure of it still. But it will take a lot of time and trouble."

"Well, figure out whether it can be done." Sam desired the iron company more than ever. An echo of some aphorism of his father's came to him. He said gently, "In working for me, Mr. Fletcher, you will be working for yourself. You are going to identify yourself with a big work, a successful work. You mustn't imagine that I merely promise. I will give you $25,000 in cash the moment you have the options safe. And if you can get more than the sixty per cent. I'll buy it from you at forty dollars a share. The stock is now around thirty-five, and if you can ——"

"You only need fifty-one per cent., Sam," cut in Darrell. "What's the use of ——"

"Never mind. I'll take all Mr. Fletcher can get over the bare majority."

"It sounds very attractive," admitted Fletcher. He said it in a way that showed he had a hint in mind. "You don't know what a task it will be ——"

"We think it's $25,000 worth of task. That's more than I can make in a week," said Darrell impatiently.

"It isn't a matter of a week. And, besides, for me to give you the confidential information you desire does not seem altogether fair to ——"

"Don't do anything you think unfair," interrupted Sam, frowning.

"What we yearn for is the chance to buy a pig in a poke. I'm losing sleep looking for the chance." Darrell looked particularly wide awake as he said this.

"Then you had better ——" began Fletcher in an offended tone.

"Oh, be sensible!" said Darrell. "There are brokers in Richmond who can buy the stock for us if we want it, after we get the information elsewhere."

"They couldn't buy the control, not at any such price, nor at any price."—Fletcher spoke a trifle superciliously.

"Mr. Fletcher," said Sam, whom this exchange of words was beginning to annoy, "understand this once for all. If I want the stock I'll get it. I'm giving you a chance to work for me. If you don't take it I'll get somebody else to get what I want. It's a family trait of ours. I don't know whether you have ever heard of my father?"

"I think I have," answered Fletcher, politely prevaricating. But the young man's words suggested an obvious explanation for his reckless business methods. There were fond fathers who had millions and who often backed their sons' plunges.

"That being the case you needn't be afraid of my not doing whatever I say I'll do. That's what we call in New York a friendly tip to you, Mr. Fletcher." It was the way in which Sam spoke that made Darrell look at him admiringly.

"Let me see," said Fletcher, frowning as if to recollect the exact time and place of his meeting with Mr. Rock, Senior. "Your father is now ——"

"He is now in New York," answered Sam.

"Where he's always been and where he will continue to be whether his son buys your picayune works or not," supplemented Darrell impatiently.

"You seem anxious enough to pick up any stray picayunes," said Fletcher sarcastically.

Darrell felt sure the little manager had not "placed" Sam's father. Since Sam had spoken about it, Fletcher might as well be told. He assented amiably:

"We are, my dear fellow. It's not picayune to us, but it really is to Sampson Rock. His son has more time to pick up the pennies."

"Oh!" exclaimed Fletcher involuntarily. A spasm of fright passed over his face at the narrow escape. Almost he had failed to heed Fortune's thundering knock at his door! He had not connected young Rock with the great Sampson Rock. But now everything that young Rock had said appeared in its true colors—no longer an idle whim but a masterpiece of wisdom tinted with the superb nonchalance natural in the son of such a man. He recovered very quickly and said deferentially:

"Oh, I never doubted your ability to do what you said, Mr. Rock. But I felt that you did not know me and you might think what I told you for the mere asking I'd tell any stranger who happened to stroll in. I wanted you to understand that I'm faithful to my employers no matter what I may lose in the way of outside money." From that moment he relegated Darrell to the nineteenth place.

Sam perceived the change in the manager's manner and felt sure that the battle was won. The struggle had not been particularly strenuous, though it might have become more exciting but for the casual mention of Sampson Rock's name. Before the dazzle of his father's prestige, this man who had been full of doubts and suspicions, and permitted himself to be irritated by Darrell's more or less natural questions, now looked as if to be the slave of Sampson Rock's son was to live in Heaven.

Marvelous power of a name!

Yes; but the name stood for something. It was not sycophancy, not servile adulation, not greed alone, which made little Fletcher so confident now, so visibly anxious to work with all his might and main for his new chief. Sam felt that this man, for all his harmless affectations and his desire to make money, was eager to see a bigger and a more efficient plant in Austin and would work with passionate devotion to that end. His changed manner came not from his conviction that Sam was able to pay the half million, but, Sam felt certain, from a desire to work under a man who had the habit of victory, who had always won and ought, therefore, always to win; not only Napoleon but Napoleon *plus* his invincible army; Sampson Rock's brains *plus* Sampson Rock's irresistible millions. It sobered Sam to realize that in this out-of-the-way corner of Virginia, out of sight and out of sound of the ticker, in an affair having nothing to do with railroad building and railroad absorption, Sampson Rock was as powerful as in Wall Street.

He looked at Fletcher, whose eyes were fixed almost hypnotically on Sam's. There was nothing Fletcher could not do for this pleasant young man who no longer was an idle, sight-seeing tourist, but a bringer of cash and opportunity, a benevolent magician who carried in one hand the trumpet of Fame and in the other the fairy wand that transformed golden dreams into clinking realities.

"We might settle Mr. Darrell's doubts and gratify his curiosity, Mr. Fletcher," suggested Sam amiably, and Fletcher quickly answered:

"Certainly, Mr. Rock."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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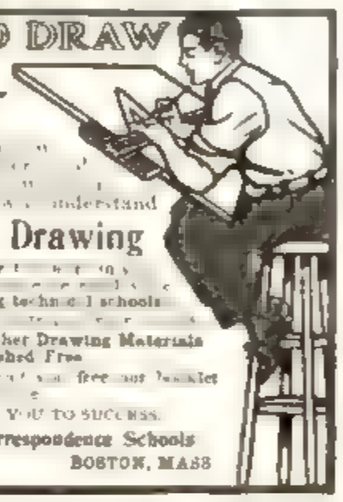

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THE TRIUMPH OF BILLY

(Continued from Page 7)

twitting any one of mushroomery! But the old-family attitude of the Helmerstons was getting into my mental system.

Pa, in the mean time, was preparing to shunt Billy off to Mexico to superintend the installation of the Guadalanahuato power plant—a two years' job—at a splendid salary. But our Mr. Burns went over to the Universal Electric Company (after we had made him what he was!) and Mr. Aplin proved quite incapable of running the business, although he was *such* a genius in watts and farads and ohms and the coefficient of self-induction, and Billy was simply forked into the general charge of the main office, against his will, and shockingly against Pa's.

I forgot to say that Pa was ill, and confined to his room for a long time. This touches a tender spot in Pa's feelings, but the truth must be told; and you must understand that all his illness came from an ingrowing toenail. He had to have an operation, and then he had to stay in the house because it wouldn't heal, and there he was, using language which is really scandalous for a good church-worker like Pa, while Billy attended to the business.

I heaped coals of fire on Pa's head by staying with him hours and hours every day, and reading to him, until he asked me for goodness' sake to stop until he got the cross-talk out of his receiver. I said I'd be glad to dispense with all his cross talk, and he said: "There, now, don't cry"—and we had a regular love feast. Pa was a little difficult at this period. However, that day he got more confidential than he ever was before, and told me that serious business troubles were piling up, and worried him. We were likely, he said, to be spared the disgrace of dying rich. This was irony, for Pa despises this new idea that one should apologize for his success.

He went on to tell me that Mr. Prunty had always had the most stock in the Mid-Continent, and that now that Enos had got so conceited about being able to run the business, and not being allowed to, the Pruntys seemed to want the whole thing, and hinted around about withdrawing, or buying Pa out.

I have this scene all in my mind for the play, with me sitting in "a dim religious light" and listening to the recital of our ruin and crying over Pa's sore foot. I did cry a good deal about this, truly, for I knew perfectly well that it was the nasty way I had treated Enos that made them so mean; but I still wished from the bottom of my heart that he would come back so I could search my soul for worse things to do to him. I told Billy about this trouble, and explained that Pa couldn't possibly raise money to buy out the Pruntys, and that they could be calculated upon not to pay Pa anything like what his stock was worth.

"I see," said Billy, "you are being squeezed by the stronger party."

He was looking out of the window in an abstracted sort of way, but he came to when I answered that, personally, I hadn't been conscious of anything of the sort.

When the conversation got around to the business again, Billy told me that Goucher—a Missourian that the Pruntys had injected into the business, and who was perfectly slavish in his subserviency to Enos—had been quizzing around Billy, trying to find out what ailed Pa, and if it was anything serious.

"I didn't like the little emissary," said Billy, "and so I told him that Mr. Blunt was precariously ill, with a complication of Bright's disease in its tertiary stage, and locomotor ataxia. He wrote down the Bright's disease and asked me how to

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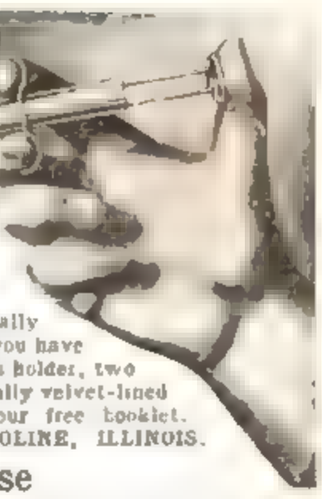

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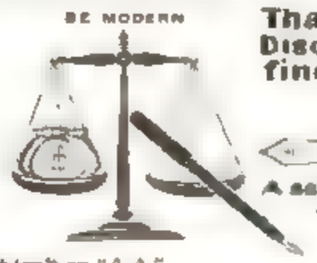

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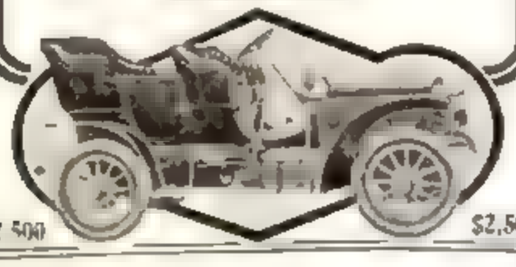

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spell the other. I told him that the Bright's disease would probably terminate fatally before he could master so much orthography; and still he didn't tumble! Goucher went away conscious of having performed well an important piece of work. I can't help thinking now that this incident has more significance than I then supposed."

He sat puckering up his brows for a long time, and I let him pucker.

At last he said: "Dolly, I shouldn't a bit wonder if they are trying to take some advantage of a dying man. I can see how they work the problem out. 'Here is a sick man,' they say, 'who has been doing the work of half a dozen for twenty years. He is going to pieces physically. If he has some fatal disease, and knows it, we can settle with him, and make him pay a few hundred thousand dollars for the privilege of getting his daughter's inheritance disentangled from a business which she can't run, and in which she will be at the mercy of—of people with whom her relations are a little strained. But first, we'll find out just how sick he is, and whether he's likely to get well soon, or at all.' And so they send Goucher mousing about; and he reports Bright's disease, and something else he can't spell, and they make an appointment with Helmerston for to-morrow morning to find out more about it, Mr. Goucher not being very clear. And your father's rather fierce manner of hiding what his ailment really is makes them all the more suspicious."

"You tell them," said I, firing up, "that Pa is still able——"

But I saw that Billy had one of those epoch-making ideas which mark the crises of history, and I stopped spellbound. He finally struck himself a fearful blow upon the knee, and said that he had it, and one looking at him could easily believe it. Then he explained to me his plan for discomfiting the Pruntys and hoisting them by their own petard. This is deeply psychological, being based upon an intuitive perception of what a Prunty would do when he believed certain things and had money at stake.

"I must take responsibility in this," said Billy, squaring his shoulders, "and bet my job on my success, and put our happiness in jeopardy. But, if we win, Mr. Blunt can never again say that I am an engineer only, with no head for practical business; and I shall have outlived the disgrace of my Tech training—and the nickname. You must handle your father, and keep me informed of any engagement the Pruntys make with him. I must do the rest. And, if I lose, it's back to climbing poles again!"

I asked Billy if I couldn't do something in line work, and he said I might carry the pliers. And when I said I meant it, he behaved beautifully, and called me his angel, and—and violated the rules, you know—and went away in a perfect frenzy of determination. I felt a solemn joy in spying on Pa and reporting to Billy. It seemed like a foretaste of a life all bound up and merged with his. And this is what took place:

The elder Mr. Prunty called on Billy at the office and said he was appalled at the news Mr. Goucher brought that Mr. Blunt had Bright's disease; and was there any hope that the doctors might be mistaken?

Billy told him that the recent progress in bacteriological science, with which Mr. Prunty was no doubt fully conversant, seemed to make the diagnosis a cinch. By this he meant that they were sure about it. He used a term that Mr. Prunty understood, Billy said, owing to his having done business all his life with reference to it.

Mr. Prunty suggested that people live a long time with Bright's disease, sometimes.

Billy, who is really a great actor, here grew mysterious, and told Mr. Prunty that, being mixed up with Mr. Blunt in business, it seemed a pity that he, Mr. Prunty, should have the real situation concealed from him, and that, as a matter of fact, Mr. Blunt's most pronounced outward symptom was a very badly ulcerated index toe. This of Billy's own knowledge, and Mr. Prunty might depend upon it.

Mr. Prunty studied on this for a long time, and then remarked that he had known several people to recover from sore toes.

Billy then pulled a book—a medical work he had borrowed—from under the desk, and showed Mr. Prunty a passage in which it was laid down that people's toes come off sometimes, in a most inconvenient way, in the last stages of Bright's disease.

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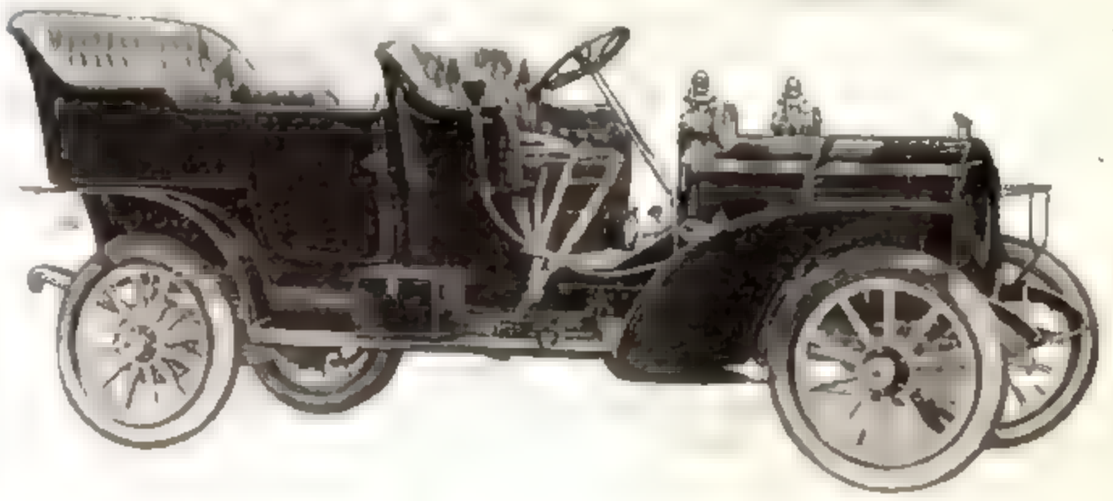

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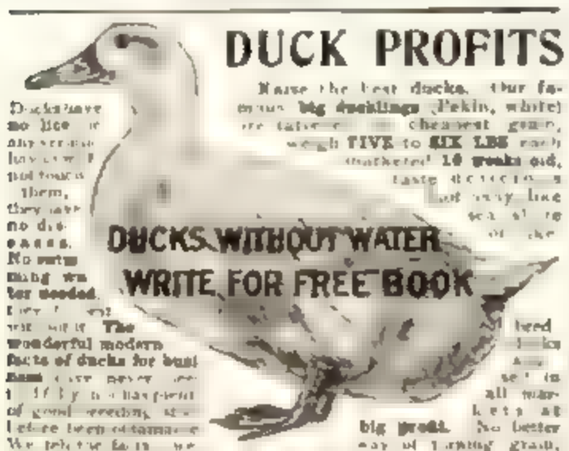

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Mr. Prunty read the whole page, including a description of the way that dread disease ruins the complexion, by making it pasty and corpselike, and then laid the book down with conviction in his eyes.

"From this," said he, motioning at the book with his glasses, "it would seem to be all off."

"If it's Bright's disease," said Billy, "that causes this lesion of the major lower digit, the prognosis is, no doubt, extremely grave. But while there's life, you know [illegible]"

"Yes," answered Mr. Prunty, "that is a comfort, of course. Does he know what ails him?"

"He is fully aware of his condition," said Billy, "but, unfortunately, not yet resigned to it." (I should think not.)

"I see you have been studying this thing out," said Mr. Prunty, "as exactly as if it had been an engineering problem; and I want to say, Mr. Helmerston, that I like your style. If we ever control this business the future of such careful and competent and far-sighted men as yourself -in fact, I may say *your* future—will be bright and assured. Have you any more information for me as to this—this sad affair of Blunt's?"

Billy thanked him, and said he hadn't, at present, and Mr. Prunty went away, trying to look sad. Billy went to the bank in Pa's name and arranged for a lot of money to be used in acquiring the Prunty stock, if it should be needed. The stock was worth twice as much, and the bank people knew it, and couldn't have believed, of course, that we would get it for *that*. Then the Pruntys made an engagement with me for Pa over the telephone, for a certain hour of a certain day, and I told Billy.

"The time has come," said Billy, when the plot began thickening in this way, "for Little Willie to beard the lion in his den. Smuggle me into the room an hour before the Pruntys are due, darling, and we'll cast the die."

I was all pale and quivery when I kissed Billy—in that sort of serious way in which we women kiss people we like, when we tell them to come back with their shields or on them—and pushed him into the room.

I heard all they said. It was dark in there, and Pa thought at first that it was a Prunty. Pa was sitting in the Morris chair, with his foot on a rest.

"That you, Enos?" said he. "Help yourself to a chair. I'm kind of laid up for repairs."

"It's Helmerston," said Billy. "I called to talk to you about this affair with Mr. Prunty. I have some information which may be of value to you."

Pa sat as still as an image for perhaps a minute. I could almost hear his thoughts. He was anathematizing Billy mentally for butting in, but he was too good a strategist to throw away any valuable knowledge.

"Well," said he at last, "I'm always open to valuable information. Turn it loose!"

Then Billy told him all the reader knows, and a good deal more, which I shall not here set down, because it is not necessary to the scenario, and I did not understand it, anyhow. There was some awfully vivid conversation at times, though, when Pa went up into the air at what Billy had done, and Billy talked him down.

"Do you mean to say, you you young lunatic," panted Pa, "that you've told Prunty that he's got a living corpse to deal with, when I need all the prestige I've won with him to hold my own?"

But Billy explained that he'd taken the liberty of thinking the whole thing out; and, anyhow, had merely refrained from removing a mistaken notion from Prunty's mind.

"But," said he, "you can assure him when he gets here that you are really in robust health."

"Assure him!" roared Pa. "He'd be dead sure I was trying to put myself in a better light for the dicker. I couldn't make him believe anything at all. I know Prunty."

Billy said that the psychology of the situation was plain. Mr. Prunty was convinced that Pa was in such a condition that he never could go back to the office, and could no more take sole ownership of the Mid-Continent than a baby could enter a shot-putting contest. What would they do when it came to making propositions? They would offer something that they were sure a case in the tertiary stage couldn't accept. They would probably offer to give

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or take a certain price for the stock. Believing that Pa wasn't in position to buy, but was really forced to sell, they would name a frightfully low price, so that when Pa accepted it perforce they would be robbing him out of house and home, almost. This was the way with these shrewd traders always, and to whipsaw a dying man would be nuts for a man like Prunty. (I am here falling into Billy's dialect when he was in deadly earnest.) Then the conversation grew mysterious again with Pa listening, and once admitting that "that would be like old Enos."

"But he'll back out," said Pa, "if he's thief enough ever to start in."

"Have him make a memorandum in writing, and sign it," answered Billy.

"But," rejoined Pa, in a disgusted way, as if to ask why he condescended to argue with this young fool, "you don't know Prunty. Unless he has the cash in hand he'll go to some lawyer and find a way out."

"I thought of that, too," said Billy; "and so I took the liberty of going to the bank and getting the cash—for temporary use, you know."

"I like your nerve!" moaned Pa angrily. "Do you know, young man, that you've built up a situation that absolutely forces me to adopt your fool plans? Absolutely infernal nonsense! To imagine it possible to get the Prunty stock at any such figures is——" And Pa threw up wild hands of desperation to an unpitying sky.

"Is it possible to imagine," said Billy, "such a thing as the Pruntys trying to get your stock at that figure? That's the thing I'm looking for and counting on." And when Pa failed to reply, but only chewed his mustache, Billy went on: "I thought the logic of the situation would appeal to you," said he. "And now let us set the stage. The time is short."

And then came the most astounding thing, and the thing that showed Billy's genius. First he took out the electric-light bulbs of the electrolier, and screwed in others made of a sort of greenish glass—just a little green tinge in it. He took some stage appliances and put just a little shade of dark under Pa's eyes, and at the corners of his mouth; and when the green lights were turned on Pa had the most ghastly, ghostly, pasty, ghoulish look any one ever saw. I was actually frightened when I came in: it was as bad as Doctor Jekyll turned to Mr. Hyde. Pa looked rather cheap while Billy was doing this, but the time was getting short, and he was afraid the Pruntys would come bursting in and catch them at it. Billy placed Pa right under the green lights, and shaded them so that the rest of us received only the unadulterated output of the side lamps. Then they arranged their cues, and Billy stepped into the next room. As he went, Pa swore for the first time since he quit running the line-gang, when, he claims, it was necessary.

"If this goes wrong, as it will," he hissed through his livid lips, "I'll kick you from here to the city-limits if it blows the plug in the power-house!"

"Very well, sir," answered Billy—and the footman announced the Pruntys.

I was as pale as a ghost, and my eyes were red, and the look of things was positively sepulchral when they came in, Enos tagging at his father's heels as if he was ashamed. The footman turned on the light, and almost screamed as he looked at poor Pa, with the pasty green in his complexion, and the cavernous shadows under his eyes. Billy had seen to it that the Pruntys had had plenty of literature on the symptoms of Bright's disease, and I could see them start and exchange looks as Pa's state dawned on them.

"I'm sorry to see you in this condition," said Mr. Prunty, after Pa had weakly welcomed them and told them to sit down.

"What condition?" snapped Pa, the theatricality wearing off. "I'm all right, if it wasn't for this blamed toe!"

"Is it very bad?" asked Mr. Prunty.

"It won't heal," growled Pa, and the visitors exchanged glances again. "But you didn't come here to discuss sore toes. Let's get down to business."

Then Mr. Prunty, in a subdued and sort of ministerial voice, explained to Pa that he was getting along in years, and that Pa wasn't long—that is, that Pa was getting along in years, too—and both parties would, no doubt, be better satisfied if their interests were separated. Therefore he had decided to withdraw his capital from the business, and place it in some other enterprise which would give his son a life work

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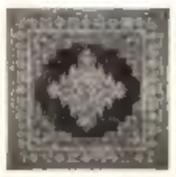

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along lines laid out in his education and training. He didn't want to sell his stock to the Universal Electric Company as he had a chance to do (Pa started fiercely here, for he was afraid of the Universal Electric); although the old agreement by which neither party was to sell out to a competitor was probably no longer binding; and so they had come as man to man to talk adjustment.

"But," says Pa, "this takes me by surprise. I don't quite see my way clear to taking on such a load as carrying all the stock would be. Mid-Continent stock is valuable."

They exchanged glances again, as much as to say that Pa was evidently anxious to sell rather than buy, and was crying the stock up accordingly, so as to get as much money as he could for me before he died.

"We may not be so grasping as you think," said Mr. Prunty; and then nothing was said for quite a while.

Pa was looking awfully sick, and Mr. Prunty was just exuding love and kindness and magnanimity from every pore.

"You had some proposition thought out," interrogated Pa, feeling anxiously for his own pulse, "or you wouldn't have come, you know. What is it, Prunty?"

"Well," answered Mr. Prunty, gazing piercingly at Pa, as if to ask if such a cadaverous person *could* possibly take on the sole control of the Mid-Continent even if he had the money—"well, we had thought of it a little, that's a fact. We thought we'd make you an offer to buy or sell——"

"Hurrah for Billy!" my heart shouted. For this was just what he said would happen. But, instead of hurrahing, I came to the front and gave Pa a powder. It was mostly quinine, and was dreadfully bitter.

"To buy or sell," went on Mr. Prunty, "at a price to be named by us. If it's a reasonable figure, take our stock and give us our money. If it's too high, why, sell us yours. That's fair, ain't it?"

Pa lay back and looked green and groaned. He was doing it nobly.

"What is fair in some circumstances," he moaned, "is extortion in others; and I—er—yes, I suppose it would be called fair. What's your give-or-take price, Prunty?"

"We are willing," said Mr. Prunty, "to give or take seventy-five for the stock."

Pa was so still that I had to rouse him, and Mr. Prunty repeated his offer.

"I—I'm getting a little forgetful," said Pa, "and I'd like to have you put it in writing, so I can consider it, and be sure I have it right, you know."

The Pruntys consulted again, and again they came forward. Enos wrote down the proposition, and Mr. Prunty signed it. I didn't understand it very well, and the strain was so frightful that I expected to fly all to pieces every instant, but I didn't.

When Enos handed the paper to Pa, Pa cleared his throat in a kind of scraping way, and in stepped Billy with a great box under his arm.

"Mr. Helmerston," said Pa, as calmly as General Grant at—at any place where he was especially placid—"I want you and my daughter to be witnesses to the making of the proposition in this writing, from Mr. Prunty to me."

Billy read the paper, and said he understood that it was a give-or-take offer of seventy-five for all the stock of the Mid-Continent. Mr. Prunty said yes, looking rather dazed, and not so sympathetic.

"I accept the proposition," snapped Pa, his jaw setting too awfully firm for the tertiary stage. "I'll take your stock at seventy-five. Helmerston, pay 'em the money!"

Billy had the cash in ten-thousand-dollar bundles; and I was so fascinated at the sight of so much treasure being passed over like packages of bonbons, that for a while I didn't see how funny Mr. Prunty was acting. When I did look, he was holding his nose in the air and gasping like one of Aunt Maria's little chickens with the pip. He seemed to have a sort of progressive convulsions, beginning low down in wrigglings of the legs, and gradually moving upward in jerks and gurgles and gasps, until it went off into space in twitchings of his mouth and eyes and nose and forehead. Enos had the bundles of money counted, and a receipt written, before he noticed that his father was having these fits, and then *he* seemed scared. I suppose these people have a sort of an affection for each other, after all.

"Father," said he—"Father, what's the matter?"

"Matter?" roared Mr. Prunty. "Does the fool ask what's the matter? Don't you see we're done brown? Look at the basketful they brought, that we might just as well have had as not, if it hadn't been for —— Blast you, Blunt, I'll show you you can't chisel old Enos Prunty out of his good money like this, I will! I'll put the whole kit and boodle of yeh in jail! That stock is worth a hundred and fifty, if it's worth a cent. Ene, if you'll stand by like a stoughton bottle and see your old father hornswoggled out of his eye-teeth by a college dude and this old confidence-man, you'll never see a cent of my money, never! Do you hear, you ass? He's no more sick than I am! That's false pretenses, ain't it? He's got some darned greenery-yallery business on that face of his! Ain't that false? Blunt, if you don't give me the rest in the basket there I'll law you to the Supreme Court!"

"Hush, father," said Enos; "Aurelia's here."

"When you get everything set," said Pa, with a most exasperating smile, "just crack ahead with your lawsuit. We'll trot you a few heats, anyhow. You'd better take your pa away, Enos, and buy him a drink of something cool."

"I want to compliment you, Mr. Helmerston," said Enos, quite like a gentleman, "on the success of your little stage-business, and especially on your careful forecast of the play of human motives. I can see that a man with only ordinary business dishonesty, like myself, need not be surprised at defeat by such a master of finesse as you."

He bowed toward me. Billy flushed.

"If you mean, sir——" he began.

"Oh, I mean nothing offensive," answered Enos. "I will be in the office in the morning, and shall be ready, as secretary, to transfer this stock on the books, previous to resigning. Come, father, we've got our beating; but we can still have the satisfaction of being good losers. Good-by, Miss Blunt; I wish you joy!"

Pa came out of the green light as they disappeared, limping on his wrapped-up foot, and shouted that he had always said that Enos was a brick, and now he knew it. I ran up to him and kissed him. Then I threw myself into Billy's arms.

"Aurelia!" said Pa, looking as cross as a man *could* look in such circumstances, "I should think you'd be ashamed of yourself!"

I dropped into a chair and covered up my face, while Pa went on addressing Billy, trying to be severe on him for letting me kiss him, and to beam on him at the same time for helping him with the Pruntys.

"Young man," said he, "I owe you a great deal. This tomfoolery happened to work. Please to consider yourself a part of the Mid-Continent Electric Company in any capacity you choose."

"Yes, sir," said Billy, gathering up the money. "Is that all, sir?"

"I should like to have you take Enos' place as secretary," added Pa.

"Thank you," said Billy. "I shall be pleased and honored. Is that all? Do I still go to Mexico?"

Pa pondered, and fidgeted, and acted awfully ill at ease.

"Yes," said he at last. "You're the only competent engineer we've got who understands the plans. You'll have to go for a few months—if you don't mind—anyhow."

"Pa," said I, "I'm tired of metal work, and I need a vacation in new and pleasant surroundings, and—and associations. Billy is awfully pleasant to associate with, and—and be surrounded by; and I've never, never been in Guadalanawhat-you may-call-it; and—and—may we, Pa?"

"Young woman!" glared Pa, "who have you the effrontery to call 'Billy'!"—Pa could never acquire what he calls "the 'whom' habit."

Billy stepped manfully forward.

"You would recognize the name 'Billy,'" said he, "if it were joined with the rather profane surname with which it is, unfortunately, connected, 'from the Atlantic to the Missouri.' Mr. Blunt, you cannot be ignorant of the sweet dream in which I have indulged myself with reference to your daughter. I know I am unworthy of her——"

"Oh, cut that short!" said Pa. "Take this grease off my face, and remove these infernal stage lights! There, Dolly—there! Mr. Helmerston, er—Billy—will start for Mexico within a month. If you—if you really want to go with him, why go!"

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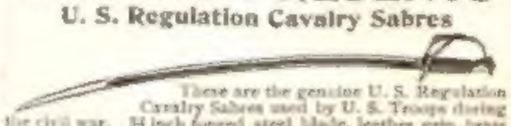

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